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Washington's Farewell Address

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS.

The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived, when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person, who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprize you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation, which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives, which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement, from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice, that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty, or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions, with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say, that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more, that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied, that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment, which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude, which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me

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It Was In the Solitude of His Home at Mount Vernon, Virginia, That President Washington Thought Out and Largely Wrote His Farewell Address In 1796. From the Windows of His Room He Could See the Resplendent Rays of the Sun Merging Into the Stars of the Night—Symbolized In the Stars and Stripes of Our Flag.

President Washington's Farewell Address

(Continued from Front Page.)

to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation, which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a People. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

Concentrate Our Affections Upon Our Own Country, Washington Advised.

The unity of Government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty, which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion, that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels, and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those, which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the Union of the whole.

The *North*, in an unrestrained intercourse with the *South*, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds, in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The *South*, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the *North*, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the *North*, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The *East*, in a like intercourse with the *West*, already finds, and, in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water, will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The *West* derives from the *East* supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the *secure* enjoyment of indispensable *outlets* for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as *one nation*. Any other tenure by which the *West* can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be infinitely precarious.

Caution Against "Designing Men" Who Try to Fan Sectional Jealousies.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in Union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from Union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighbouring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to Republican Liberty. In this sense it is, that your Union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the UNION as a primary object of Patriotic desire. Is there a doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope, that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to Union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who in any quarter may endeavour to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes, which may disturb our Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterising parties by *Geographical* discriminations, *Northern* and *Southern*, *Atlantic* and *Western*; whence designing men may endeavour to excite a belief, that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings, which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those, who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have seen, in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event, throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the General Government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to he MISSISSIPPI; they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain, and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the UNION by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren, and connect them with aliens?

The Right of the People "To Make and to Alter" the Constitution.

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions, which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government better calculated than your former for an intimate Union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish Government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

"Small But Artful" Minorities Which Nullify the Will of the Nation.

All obstructions to the execution of the Laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put, in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common counsels, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines, which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the constitution, alterations, which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments, as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard, by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that, for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigour as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but, in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries, which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of Public Liberty.

The Mischief Caused by Excesses of the "Party Spirit" in Politics.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind, (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight,) the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of, party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the Public Councils, and enfeeble the Public Administration. It agitates the Community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another, foments occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of Liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in Governments of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favour, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in Governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And, there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution, in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessary checks in the exercise of political powers, by dividing and distributing it into different depositaries, and constituting each the Guardian of the Public Weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment, in the way which the constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield.

Religion and Morality Are Indispensable Supports of True Government.

Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who would labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connexions with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is, to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts, which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen, which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should coöperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be Revenue; that to have Revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised, which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue, which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and Morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great Nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt, that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with its Virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

Neither Partiality Nor Hatred Should Be Shown for Other Nations.

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential, than that permanent, inveterate, antipathies against particular Nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The Nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The Nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the Government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The Government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of Nations has been the victim.

So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one Nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favourite Nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no such common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favourite Nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the Nation making the concessions; by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained; and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens, (who devote themselves to the favourite nation,) facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding, with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent Patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the Public Councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

The Historic Warning Against Foreign Influence and Entanglements.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens,) the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake; since history and experience prove, that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favourite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connexion as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may

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Prize Essay Contest on Washington's Farewell Address

WASHINGTON had served two terms as President and was urged to accept the nomination for a third term, but he declined. As the end of his term of office drew near he prepared his famous Farewell Address, which will live for all time as a masterpiece of clear thinking, prudence and patriotic sentiment. Especially is the supreme wisdom of his warning to avoid foreign alliances and entanglements apparent still as the only safe guide for the United States today.

The bicentennial celebration of the two hundredth birthday anniversary of our first President is being celebrated with parades, pageants, tableaux, speeches and other memorial ceremonials. Washington was truly the Father of his Country, and there is no better training for worthy American citizenship than the study of his career and his speeches and writings.

To impress on the youth of the United States the lessons to be learned from the life of Washington, a prize contest has been established by the Hearst newspapers, and awards will be made for the best essays on Washington's famous Farewell Address, which is reprinted here today. The prizes will be given by Mr. William Randolph Hearst, and will include a gold cup, gold medals, silver medals, bronze medals and cash prizes, and also diplomas of honorable mention.

In directing the establishment of the Washington Bicentennial Essay Contest in his newspapers, Mr. Hearst said:

"It is important to this country to have the true character of Washington understood, to have his great achievements recognized, and to have his work and principles indelibly fixed in the minds and hearts of our people, and especially in the minds and hearts of the new generation, represented by our school children. It will mean much for our country if our newspapers can assist in this commendable work."

The details of the prize essay contest will be found in a section of the newspaper which brings this issue of The American Weekly to you today.

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Nerve-Wracking Life of Dr. MacRobert, Nerve Specialist

His Own Cat-and-Dog Domestic Life and a Lively Mix-Up With an Angry Husband Provide the Eminent Neurologist Real-Life Personal Experiences With What Gives People "Nerves"

Mona G. MacRobert, the Doctor's First Wife, with the Two Children, Mona and Allen.

Hardly Had They Started In on Their Honeymoon When Mr. Dornbush Said He Woke Up One Night to Find His Bride Sitting Up, Pencil and Note Book in Hand. Taking Shorthand Notes. She Explained Sweetly That She Had Studied Shorthand and in the Case of Her First Husband Had Found It Very Convenient to Take Down What He Said in His Sleep, With Names and Dates.

Mrs. Edith Dornbush, Whose Husband Surprised Her and Dr. MacRobert in a Cottage in Maine.

Dr. Russell G. MacRobert, Well-Known New York Specialist on Nervous Ailments.

Mr. William F. Dornbush, Who Sued His Wife for Divorce and Named Dr. MacRobert as Co-respondent.

AS an eminent nerve specialist, assistant neurologist at the New York Neurological Institute and chief neurologist at the Lenox Hill Dispensary, nobody knew better than Dr. Russell G. MacRobert the high therapeutic value of a serene domestic life.

Yet, in his own case, he can't seem to avoid running into the very same matrimonial storms and stresses that he warns his patients against. But then a bootblack never shines his own shoes so why should a doctor follow his own prescription? Perhaps he may have felt it his duty to test his own nerves in order the better to treat others.

One does not need to be a nerve specialist to know that there is nothing much worse for a man's nerves than an angry, complaining wife. Also it would make anyone nervous to have his wife suing him for separation and $150 a week alimony, especially if he still loved his wife, as Dr. MacRobert said he did when she began suit. Yet he must have expected some such unpleasant symptoms if he did the things the first Mrs. MacRobert says he did.

Mrs. MacRobert testified that when they came to New York from London, Ontario, they lived for several years in an apartment on Central Park West, consisting of two dark rooms and a bath. Here, on five or six dollars a week, she had to cook, wash and find time and room to bear two children, she says. As nervous patients are sometimes kept in a quiet, dark room, this might possibly have been good for Mrs. MacRobert's nerves though she did not think so. It is the doctor's business to know what is best.

But one day when she told him she was going to direct a theatrical rehearsal she says he gave her treatment which she is sure is not given at the Institute or the Dispensary. She says he punched her six times and then the "lucky seventh" landing on her chin, produced deep general anaesthesia for some time, after which she thought her nerves were worse rather than better.

However, the MacRoberts prospered and moved out to Larchmont, N. Y. There she said he gave her another "treatment." At the breakfast table, one morning, she had refused to give her husband her commutation ticket and retreated to her room. She told the court that he followed her there, "used her head as a punching bag and kicked her against the bed." After that she says he studied her condition thoughtfully some time from across the room, before administering further treatment of the same kind. But the patient thought she had had enough for one visit, and running into the bathroom she locked the door until she heard the doctor leave the house to call on some of his cash patients.

Then she telephoned to Dr. Robert M. Russell, Jr. Dr. Russell MacRobert and Dr. Robert M. Russell—they may sound much alike but there is quite a difference. Dr. Russell is a doctor of divinity, being the minister of the local Presbyterian Church. Finding Mrs. MacRobert tearful and full of excitement, instead of continuing the husband's treatment, the alleged laying on of hands (and of feet), Rev. Dr. Russell prayed with her, which the patient liked better. The wife did not bring suit for her husband's alleged rough treatment for about a year. Then came the separation action. Instead of soothing his wife with kind words and bromides, his behavior so irritated the lady that she also had him indicted at White Plains, the nearest seat where justice is dispensed, for second degree assault.

Any doctor knows that one law suit is generally enough to drive most persons almost crazy and Dr. MacRobert had two on his hands. Not satisfied with that, he started two more on his own account, of $50,000 each, for alienation of his wife's affections. The first was against Rev. Dr. Russell and the second against Mrs. Daisy Fitzgerald, his mother-in-law, and her children, Frederick and Pauline. All these people, he charged, were involved in a conspiracy to alienate his wife's affections and it was owing to their advice that his wife had been influenced to bring her suit for separation against him.

In launching his alienation of affection suits, Dr. MacRobert said: "My wife's relatives, by word of mouth and written communications, made misrepresentations and misstatements regarding me in New York City, Larchmont, London, Ontario, and Lake Huron Beach which induced her to leave me and sue for separation."

In substance, Dr. MacRobert's specific charge against the clergyman was: "He is a busybody who continually goes around poking his nose into other people's business."

If anyone is ambitious to stir up plenty of trouble and excitement there are not many quicker and surer ways than to accuse the minister of a small town of being a busybody. Larchmont rallied to the defense of its embattled pastor and the trustees and other officials of Rev. Dr. Russell's church gave him a vote of confidence. After declaring that Dr. Russell had acted like a Christian gentlemen, the resolution concluded:

"We, the elders, deacons, and trustees of the Larchmont Avenue Church, hereby express to Dr. Russell our sincere sympathy in this unfortunate event, and assure him of our absolute and unshaken confidence in the rectitude of his conduct and in the high Christian courage with which he has performed a difficult task which came to him in the line of his duty as a Christian minister."

Besides this, the members of his flock backed their minister up on the golf course and the 8:15 train by shooting such black looks at the neurologist as might have shriveled the nervous system of an Indian.

Dr. MacRobert denied everything, said that he still loved his wife and that the only cause of trouble was the malicious advice the "busybodies" had given her. A common, ordinary husband, ignorant of nerves or psychology, under such circumstances, would probably have treated her with candy, flowers, flattering letters and sweet words over the telephone until she was induced to withdraw the suits.

The nerve specialist, however, seemed at first to be getting results by different methods. Suddenly all actions were withdrawn, with the announcement of a settlement out of court. The wife was to have the custody of the two children and the alimony had not been quite determined.

This was a delicate moment, until that money matter had been decided. A layman would imagine that by being extra nice, a loving husband might induce his wife to waive the indemnity and take him back or, at least, keep the tribute within reasonable bounds and that about the worst thing for the nervous systems of all concerned would be to make the lady jealous.

Instead of pursuing this obvious policy Dr. MacRobert so behaved that soon his wife was dragging him into the divorce court, charged with being caught in the soft but talented arms of a pretty manicure whose name was kept out of the record. On the strength of this she was granted a divorce but the doctor may have known what he was about at that, because the judge imposed alimony of only $40 a week instead of the $150, that had been asked. Still even that is an irksome overhead to carry for life. With it he could hire a pretty and competent trained nurse assistant to chaperon him with lady patients.

Having experienced all the reactions of being the defendant in a divorce suit, Dr. MacRobert next turned up in the role of co-respondent in another husband's matrimonial battle. William F. Dornbush, wealthy New York real estate operator, had a remarkable wife, Edith, who was something of a nerve specialist herself, or at least had plenty of nerve. On one of the first nights of their honeymoon Dornbush opened his eyes and found his bride, so he asserted, who had studied shorthand, sitting with pad and pencil, looking at him.

Mrs. Dornbush explained, he said, that she was just taking notes of what he said in his sleep, as she had always done with her former husband. She further volunteered the information that she had thus "gotten lots of things" on his predecessor. This matrimonial novelty upset Mr. Dornbush's sleep and got on his nerves. Any time he denied having said anything that his wife quoted she would read it off from her note book, together with the date of the night he was supposed to have said it in his sleep. He could not deny it without calling his wife untruthful, which would be cruelty and mean alimony.

It is not surprising that when Dr. MacRobert happened to meet this remarkable lady his scientific mind was interested. Here was someone who had explored the subconscious mind of two husbands, something he could not have done without getting a punch in the nose. This was very nice until one day the doctor received a disagreeable communication from the conscious mind of Mr. Dornbush, naming him co-respondent. It was a countersuit against Mrs. Dornbush's action for divorce which she had brought against her husband.

Mrs. Lillian MacRobert, the Doctor's Second Wife, Who is Now in a Curious Divorce Tangle With the Distinguished Nerve Specialist.

Most co-respondents keep far away from the trials in which they are featured, but this one did not, and the show was well worth his time. There was testimony of the husband and others watching Mrs. Dornbush and Dr. MacRobert with spyglasses through the windows of the Dornbush apartment when the doctor was visiting. But the high spot of melodrama came when they described a midnight raid on the Dornbush cottage at Lake Portage, Maine.

On a moonless night, Dornbush, a guide and a friend named Henry Bloodgood paddled across the lake and lay in ambush outside the cabin until all the lights were out and lusty snores came from one of the rooms. Then they raided the place. The snorer proved to be Dr. MacRobert, and in another room was Mrs. Dornbush. One slipper beside her bed and its mate beside his bed were thought to be of some significance. The unexpected nocturnal visit was bad for Mrs. Dornbush's nerves and she showed it by taking a shot at Mr. Dornbush with a pistol and missing him. This, in turn, made Dornbush so nervous that he threw a piece of lead pipe at her, hit her and silenced her fire. Mrs. Dornbush's answer to this evidence was that evil minds had put a wrong interpretation on a perfectly innocent, scientific, platonic friendship. But Judge Tierney did not agree with her, and, in awarding the divorce to her husband, said:

"People have a general knowledge that their conduct is subject to the construction that common experience places upon it and that when they deliberately conduct themselves so as to invite unfavorable construction, they must stand the consequences unless they can raise the inference of innocence by an adequate explanation."

The doctor had not quite experienced all the possible nerve-strains of matrimony, so in August, 1929, he married Mrs. Fred Giglio, who was still undivorced from her first husband. This little overnight was later remedied by her divorcing Giglio some time after she had married the doctor, something of a novelty in the usual divorce and marriage sequence. In July of last year the doctor decided that it was all wrong and sued his wife for an annulment on the ground that she was still wedded to another when she wedded him.

The defense prepared by Mrs. MacRobert's attorneys is a novelty, too. In it Mrs. MacRobert admits her error but says that when she and the doctor became man and wife, he was aware of the fact that she was already married. She says that she thought her former husband was dead and charges Dr. MacRobert with proposing that she marry him and after that go through the formality of getting a divorce from Giglio. So she took the doctor's advice and now claims that if her marriage to him was wrong, he was a party to it and has no right to get rid of a wife in any such painless and inexpensive manner.

Even if it were null and void until she obtained the divorce, because he continued to live with her as man and wife and called her "Mrs. MacRobert" to everyone, she claims to have been his common-law wife from then on. Her idea is that if anything is to be done to that common-law marriage, it should be a divorce and she should have it with alimony.

The possibility of thus adding to his alimony overhead may have effects on his nervous system that should interest the neurologist. If he has luck it may even give him symptoms of dermatalgia, that new disease of the skin brought on by worry and showing itself by sore patches that feel just like sunburn.

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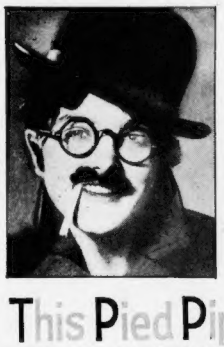
Disguise Contests Replace Beauty Pageants

BUDAPEST.

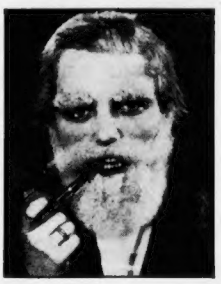
IT may be that this Hungarian city, which has been the scene of hundreds of beauty contests in the past few years, is getting a little bored with parades of comely faces and graceful forms, or perhaps the promoters and publicity men behind these pageants of pulchritude are having an attack of whimsicality and originality. Anyway, their most recent show was a radical innovation, in which a dozen of the most alluring damsels in Hungary disguised their comely faces with wigs and whiskers and concealed their shapely forms in assorted masculine makeups.

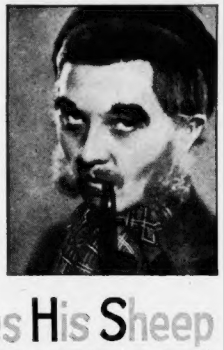


This new stunt, as can be seen from a study of the photographs, was no "gilding of the lily." In fact, the judges themselves were unable to tell which beauty was which when a corps of skilled make-up artists were through inspecting the young women.

Mlle. Marienne Ferencsy, who has won no less than a dozen beauty contests, was transformed into a sinister Oriental. Her sleek, blond head was covered with a false bald pate, and her Cupid's-bow lips were hidden behind a drooping mustache. Artificial wrinkles were painted at the corners of her lovely eyes.

Mlle. Ila Nemeth, the victor in many bathing beauty competitions, suffered herself to be disguised with a tousled gray wig, shaggy eyebrows and a set of bushy whiskers. Her make-up was topped off with characteristics which completed the illusion that she was a grizzled old mariner.





The famous oval face of Mlle. Gizella Sarossy lost its identity to a Chaplinesque black wig, an abbreviated mustache of the same shade, a pair of bone-rimmed spectacles, and a derby hat set on her head at a rankish angle. Mlle. Anna Mathony, regarded by many eminent Hungarian artists and sculptors as the most beautiful woman in the country, appeared before the committee of judges and an audience of several thousand persons as a dour old Scotchman, with close-cropped hair and mutton-chop whiskers.

The beauties seemed to enjoy the disguise contest as much as the spectators, and plans are already under way for another such show with the contestants transformed into female characters.

The Photographs Show Mlle. Marienne Ferencsy (at Top) as Herself, and as a Chinese Mandarin, an Exceptionally Convincing Disguise, and Mlle. Gizella Sarossy (Lower) in a Charming Bathing Costume, and at the Right, in Her Interesting Disguise as a Young Man. Both Disguises Were Donned Within Ten Minutes.

At the Top Is Shown Mlle. Ila Nemeth, in a Bathing Costume, While at the Left She Is Seen Made Up as a Bearded Old Mariner, Which the Judges Considered an Excellent Character. In the Lower Photos Mlle. Anna Mathony Is Shown as Herself and in the Makeup of a Scotch Highlander Whose Masculinity Is Emphasized by the Ponderous Pipe.

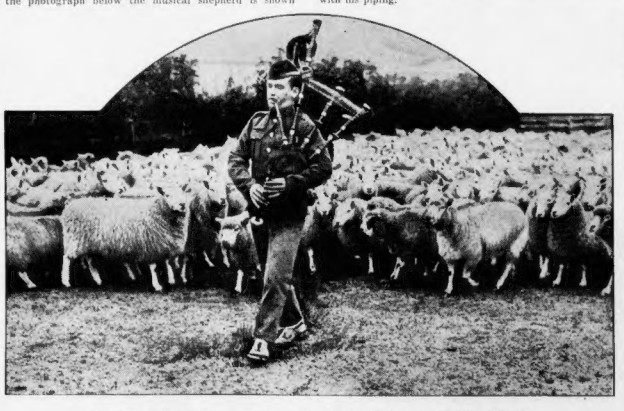
This Pied Piper Fascinates His Sheep

THE Pied Piper of Hamelin, who rid his town of rats—and of children—was, of course, a legend. The story about him is built around the lure of music.

The piper of Chiseldon Training Center, an army school in Scotland where soldiers are prepared for jobs in civil life, is no myth. He's a flesh-and-blood person whose wailing bagpipe so fascinates the herd of sheep he watches over that the creatures will follow him wherever he goes.

In the photograph below the musical shepherd is shown leading his flock from the meadows, where they've been grazing all day, to the fold where they are safely locked up for the night. The moment the sheep hear the first strains of the bagpipe they stop feeding and obediently take up the march behind their caretaker.

On his graduation from the training center, the modern pied piper expects to settle on a farm near his home town, where he will raise wool for the Edinburgh market and keep on with his piping.



The "Black Watch" Piper, a Student in the Vocational School at Chiseldon, Who Has Found That His Work as a Temporary Sheep Herder Is Lessened When He Calls the Sheep to Follow Him. The Music of the Bagpipe Attracts the Animals, as the Music of the Fabled Pied Piper Attracted Children.

Relics of "Unknown Race"

WHEN the members of an archeological expedition sent here by the University of Pennsylvania Museum and the Pennsylvania Museum of Art began scraping away the soil near the ancient town to Tepe Hissar, they expected to find the mouldering ruins of a long-forgotten Persian metropolis. Instead they unearthed a cemetery nearly 4,000 years old in which were the skeletons and relics of what the scientists must, for the time being at least, call an "unknown race."

The find is one of the richest made in this part of the world in the last fifty years. During a few weeks of digging, the expedition came upon the remains of some 200 persons and hundreds of objects, the like of which never have been seen before.

With the remains of a warrior were his ancient trappings—a copper helmet, a heavy battle axe and a dagger. In the grave of what appears to be a young woman of wealth, were graceful alabaster vases and dishes as sound and bright as they were 2,000 years before Christ. Beside the well-preserved skeleton of a little child were miniature dishes probably used by the deceased when he was alive.

The work of excavation is now being carried on very slowly, because scientists in the field are photographing every stage of the work, so as not to lose a single clue which might eventually aid them in tracing the origin of the relics. In many of the graves are metal objects, possibly votive offerings, possibly children's toys, which indicate that the race buried there were skilled in the refining of metals, particularly bronze and copper. The articles are possessed of remarkable durability, and some of the weapons evidently were expertly tempered, for their cutting edges have not been dulled by time.

In several of the graves there were traces of cosmetics, which show also that a crude sort of chemistry was known to the people.

Cat Has Private Elevator

PAMPERED pets are numerous in the smart European watering places where people of wealth and leisure gather to disport themselves, but some sort of record would seem to be broken by a rich old lady who recently engaged a suite of rooms in one of the most expensive and exclusive hotels in Cannes.

This woman brought along her full-blooded Persian cat—and arranged for a private elevator in which the plump and perfumed feline rides down to the formal gardens surrounding the hotel and, when he has had his daily romp, rides up again to the arms of his mistress.

The elevator is a softly cushioned basket to the handle of which a strong, light cord is attached. When it is pussy's playtime, his owner opens a window, puts the pet in the basket and carefully lowers the thing to the ground. The cat steps out and spends a half hour or so browsing curiously over the well kept lawns and among the flower beds.

Of course, the old woman keeps a constant vigil at the window to assure herself that no harm will befall the cat and, when she thinks that her pet has had enough exercise she tinkles a little silver bell. The cat runs obediently to the basket, climbs in and gets a return trip in its elevator.

The private cat elevator is perhaps the only one in that country, but it is by no means the only expensive luxury enjoyed by a pet. In Paris there is a theatrical artist whose pet dogs bask in the attentions of a private maid, who not only feeds, bathes and exercises them, but takes them to smart tailoring establishments, where blankets and boots are made to order for them.

In several parts of France there are private cemeteries for dogs, cats and monkeys. Several years ago police, investigating a murder case, discovered that a human being who had been slain had been secretly buried in one of the animal graves. Other graves were opened, but all of them contained the bodies of animals.

President Washington's Farewell Address

(Continued from Page 2)

choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humour, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favours or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favours from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favours, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favours from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course, which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my Proclamation of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index to my Plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it with moderation, perseverance and firmness.

The considerations, which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the Belligerent Powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavour to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope, that my Country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man, who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations; I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favourite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labours, and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

United States, September 17th, 1796.

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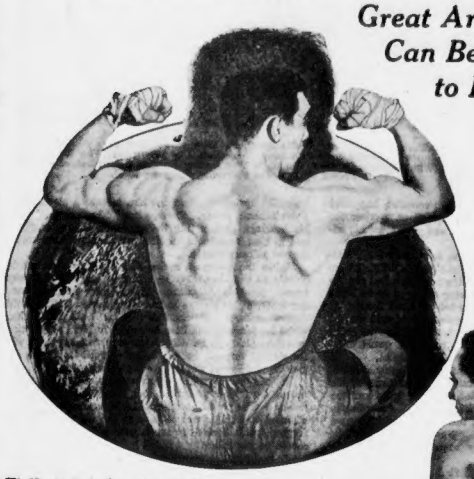
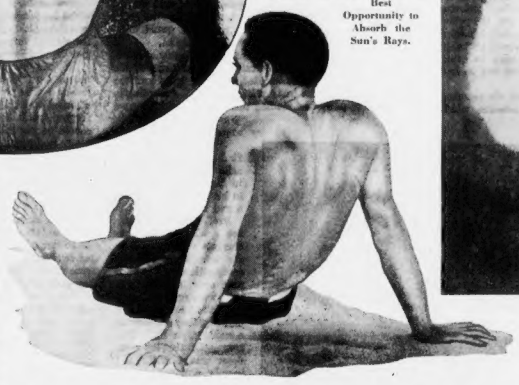
What Is Your Back Good For?

Poorly Outfitted With Nerves, Scantily Supplied With Blood Vessels, With Limited Sweat Glands, This Great Area of the Body Can Best Be Used to Keep You Fit by Soaking Up the Sun's Health Rays



The Massive Back of an African Gorilla and the Back and Powerful Muscles of Carnera the Fighter.



With No Important Anatomical Features, the Back Presents the Best Opportunity to Absorb the Sun's Rays.

PHOTO ACME.

Miss Virginia Pearson, Who Has One of the Most Perfect Backbones in America, as Reported by the National League for the Prevention of Spinal Curvature.

THE human back has long puzzled scientists. It is a huge expanse, but an anatomical desert. The face has a very limited area and yet Nature has crowded it with eyes, nostrils, mouth and ears just around the corner; but the back, though more than ten times as big, is bare and barren.

The back has a poor equipment. It is barren of hair, has almost no sweat glands at all, very few nerves to warn its owner that it is too hot or too cold, a skimpy supply of blood vessels and so few pain nerves that often it doesn't know when an insect is biting it. The back is a dry, empty area, the "Sahara of the body."

Anatomists, wondering at such strange neglect, have often asked that question and recently science has gotten around to answering it. The reason, as might be suspected, is that it is man's own fault or rather, his own responsibility. It wasn't supposed to be a back in the original plan, but a roof, a water shed to keep off rain and it had a stout ridgepole running along it from which the organs hung suspended and ribs sloped down at sharp angle like rafters.

This was when pre-human and ran on all four. Then came like common ancestor of and men who took to scram about in trees, sitting on and occasionally, standing on his hind legs. Howev back still remained a r cause nearly all the tim ning or sleeping, it w horizontal position backbone as its skyli creature sat in the It had the ape's hunch over posture, and the back remained watershed.

Naturally, as most four-footed, animals, this roof well thatched with and sloped away o sides of the ridgep a good roof should the tree dwellers ered with the crea just enough to the roof a little, a in modern apes, away from the back idea as se wild pigs.

As the roof was to receive not on punishment of th ments but was the most likely to be on by carnivorou mals, Nature tri make it contente its lot by giving the stingiest equi of pain nerves. A as it had to take make the pill any sary? Had it been animal would shri claw-stroke or a tal it should turn to ru erful enemy. The considerable protect just below the ski rafters of the ribs, organs.

At noon of a Sum gles of a house beco hot and so must the he trudges along in ture placed very nerves there to com necessary evil because ing to be done about sweat glands were few that the sweat would

...bone From Fish to Man. From ... William K. Gregory.

...3—Primitive ... Primitive

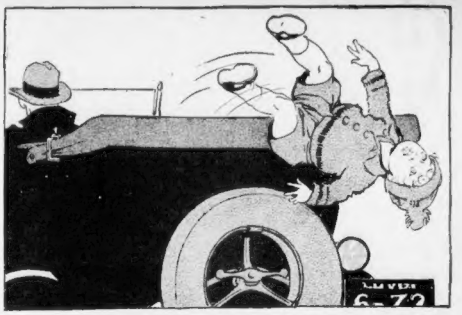
So long as creatures lived in the sea this was a very satisfactory arrangement, but when descendants of these sharp-backed fish began to come out on the shore the sharp back sticking up in the air, was a disadvantage. Then Nature invented the flattened back, like that of a modern lizard, converting the previous two-sided fish into a creature with its two flat sides in the other directions; one upward toward the air, the other downward toward the ground. That was the beginning of the back as a protective roof for a creature, like the roof of a modern house.

Many of the modern animals which have developed out of the original lizards still retain the roof-like back which these lizards created. The center of the back is sharp, like that of a razor-back hog, with the sides pitched sharply away from this center so that rain water will run off rapidly.

...modern dancer ...autiful back is so ...ed, owes this ...flexibility, ... and ...

Remarkable Instances of Pure Luck

Bad Luck Traps a Murderer, Good Luck Saves a Murderer, Astonishing Good Luck from a Wrong Telephone Call, the Wag of a Dog's Tail Brings Luck to Its Master



Rounding a Curve at Considerable Speed, the Baby on the Back Seat Bounced Out of the Automobile and Into the Roadway, Undiscovered by His Father, Who Was Driving. But With Remarkable Luck, the Child Was Neither Scratched Nor Bruised and Was Picked Up by a Car Following Along the Road.

WHILE the pompous, self-made millionaire sits back in his chair and boastfully recounts his hard work and tireless genius, he usually forgets to mention the stroke of luck which, in most cases, really determined whether he was to be a success or a failure. The element of luck, good fortune, accident and coincidence plays a more important and a more frequent part in human affairs than is commonly admitted or recognized.

One almost unbelievable coincidence of last year is the experience of Mr. L. R. Johansen, of Lincoln, Nebraska, with the telephone wrong number that was right. Mr. Johansen had stopped for a moment at a roadside filling station to get some gasoline for his automobile. Someone called him to the telephone. Astonished that anyone would know where he was at that moment accurately enough to catch him during his momentary stop at the filling station, he answered the call. To his still greater astonishment he discovered that the caller thought he was talking to Mr. Johansen at the latter's office and that it was an important matter of business. The caller, intending to call Mr. Johansen's office, accidentally had dialed the wrong number. The number dialed, and obtained, chanced to be that of the filling station where Mr. Johansen happened to be.

Robbed During the Night in His Home, the Victim Reported to the Police and Then Went on Downtown to His Office. To His Astonishment, a Furtive-Looking Man Approached, Offered Him a Bargain in Jewelry —And Drew From His Pocket the Victim's Own Watch, Stickpin and Trinkets. Good Luck for One, Bad Luck for the Other.

Equally astonishing good luck, at least for one party to the incident, happened to Corporal Leo Goucher of the New Jersey State Police. Visiting a farm-yard as a matter of routine duty, the corporal and several companions were chased by a vicious bull. Unable to reach the fence in time, the corporal dived head first into a pile of straw. Inside the straw was a concealed trap door which no one had suspected, leading to an underground room and an illicit liquor still. The corporal made the conventional arrest. What the still's owner did to the bull which chased the corporal into his bit of detective work is not recorded.

Another example of pure luck was the case of the bouncing boy of Whitehall, Wisconsin. Riding in the back seat of his parents' automobile, this baby bounced clear out of the car on to the highway as the automobile was rounding a curve. Not missed by the parents in the front seat, the baby was discovered and retrieved presently by another autoist and proved to be absolutely unhurt.

Stabbed Person Who Annoyed Him, Only to Find Victim Was a Mechanical Man.

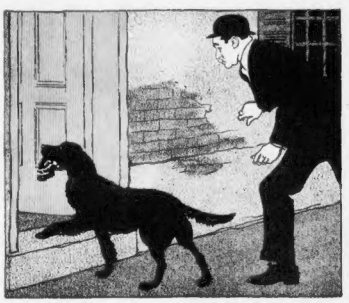
A hot-headed New Yorker, of violent impulses, unexpectedly discovered that he had had a piece of extraordinary luck. Becoming enraged, for some reason perhaps not unrelated to holiday alcohol, at the gestures of an individual standing beside him at the doorway of a [illegible] hall, this would-be murderer drew a knife and [illegible] companion to the heart. The gestures [illegible] flowed and the stabbed individual [illegible] gation showed that the knife [illegible] chanical man, several [illegible] advertising purpo[illegible] work interior [illegible] was not [illegible] stabbi[illegible] wh[illegible]

proached by a furtive-looking man, who said he could make a very low price on a watch and other trinkets. And then, to the astonishment of the victim, the thief drew out of his pocket the man's own watch and other trinkets. He was seized and most of the money that had been stolen was also recovered in the man's pocket—a curious coincidence, certainly.

Indeed, the element of luck appears to play a very important part in the detection of crime. The records of detective bureaus the world over contain almost endless cases where the clue to the mysterious, unsuspected author of a crime was stumbled upon by pure accident. It is, however, true that the lucky clue might not have led to any result if patient, intelligent efforts had not been used to follow out the lucky tip.

Dr. Crippen, a plausible-appearing American physician, had been living in England with his wife. After a time the neighbors remarked that they had not seen Mrs. Crippen for some weeks. At last the London police asked Crippen what had become of his wife and the amiable little doctor replied that she had gone to California, where she had unfortunately met her death. Unable to confirm this, the police questioned Dr. Crippen more closely and he then admitted the real truth was that his wife had disappeared, probably with a lover—he had invented the death story to avoid scandal. Next day Crippen had disappeared and so had his pretty, boyish looking secretary.

This aroused the Scotland Yard detectives, who searched Crippen's house and found some human remains, which they judged were parts of the body of Mrs. Crippen. Then, by a piece of pure luck, the detective bureau in London got the clue which they wanted. The captain of an outgoing British ship, which was bound for Canada, noticed among his passengers a middle-aged man, accompanied by a boy. There was nothing unusual in this, but on one occasion, as the captain passed along the deck, he noticed the boy come up to the man and in greeting he observed the young man squeeze his companion's hands. Boys do not greet men by a squeeze of the hand, the captain knew—there was something peculiar here, he thought.



The Scotland Yard Detective Spoke to Every Dog Until He Found One That Answered to the Name of "Nero." He Then Fed the Dog All the Meat He Would Eat in a Butcher's Shop, and Finally Handed the Surfeited Animal a Huge Hunk of Steak. He Figured the Dog Would Take This Home and Bury It—And Thus the Animal Led the Police to His Master's Hide-out.

Instantly the pair was put under very close observation and before the ship had finished another day run the captain had sent a wireless to the police saying that he believed that he had on his ship the missing Dr. Crippen and the young secretary. When the steamer docked in Canada detectives were waiting and arrested the man and the "boy." They were Crippen and his secretary and the doctor paid the penalty on the gallows. It was pure luck. If the captain's [illegible] that gentle [illegible]

[illegible] his man through Nero's kind assistance, and the forger was caught.

An old French woman was found murdered in Havre, killed by a blow on the head, yet the weapon was nowhere to be found. No one had seen anybody enter or leave her home and the police were completely baffled. Then, by pure luck, Professor Reiss, a German scientist, happened into town and was invited by the detectives to view the apartment of the murdered woman and give them his advice.

He informed the police that the murderer was a left-handed man, and had cut himself on that hand. This he deduced through the discovery that the marauder had run his hand onto a splinter, thereby leaving a few spots of blood in the apartment passageway; the intruder had lighted his way with a candle, for grease spots were found on the right of the passageway; thus was he established as being left-handed. They reasoned that a murderer would probably carry his weapon in his more efficient hand.

In the apartment were found more candle-grease spots, and two hairs, which were certainly not the hairs of the murdered woman. Reiss decided that the spots and the hairs were to form the basis of his research. Accordingly, he took them away and studied them under a microscope. When he returned, he announced:

"The man we have to find is a left-handed sailor who was recently in Sicily. He has a cut in his left hand and has a red moustache."

Prof. Reiss' reasons for reaching these conclusions were: The candle was made from a composition which is used only in Sicily; the hairs were red, and Reiss' scientific knowledge told him that they came from a man's upper lip. The assumption that the murderer was a sailor was merely a guess, but a logical guess, nevertheless, since Havre is a seaport town, and most of the people who visited the murdered woman were sailors who came to her to buy drugs.

After making these deductions, the professor stepped out of the picture and the police went [illegible] to work. They discovered that a [illegible] had arrived at Havre from [illegible] soon located a red [illegible] on his [illegible]

beautiful Spring day tempted him to take a stroll in the Fontainebleau woods. There, after an hour or so, he lost his bearings, and, noting the approach of a young man and girl on horseback, inquired of them the way to the nearest railway station.

When the horseman spoke, Froest's senses became instantly on the alert. For he spoke French with a foreign accent, probably American. The forger was doubtless a foreigner, as his picture had never appeared in the British rogues' gallery. Froest noted other little mannerisms which he felt sure had been described to him at some time or other, although he did not at once connect them with the wanted forger. Still, a detective must be always suspicious, and Froest was true to type in this respect.

He watched the riders dismount before a little inn, and noted, from their reception, that they seemed to be well known at the place. Although the horseman bore not the slightest superficial resemblance to the description of the forger, Froest decided to investigate and discover why he should be suspicious.

Accordingly, he registered at the hotel and engaged the gossipy wife of the innkeeper in conversation. The talk drifted to the young couple, whom the proprietor's wife identified as "The Count and Countess Lewis." She was eloquent in her praise of them. Finally she arose, as if to go, saying:

"I am busy. There is a special dinner for the Count and Countess this evening. He made out the menu himself."

Froest glanced at the menu. It was written in the handwriting of the forger he was after. But he wanted more proof. So he contrived to have the Count and Countess photographed secretly and also obtained the menu.

These he brought back to the young clerk who had acted as the original messenger; the clerk identified the writing and the photograph as those of his former master. Froest returned to France, had the forger—whose real name was Ralph Sloane—extradited to England, where he was convicted and imprisoned. Detective-Inspector Froest had succeeded because of the pure luck that he had happened to be walking in a French forest one fine Spring day and had come upon the fugitive forger.

Detective Solves Crimes Through Reading Detective Magazine Yarns.

The old story of the sailor on vacation who hires a row-boat for recreation had an interesting parallel. This time the story concerned a detective who spent his leisure hours reading criminal mystery tales.

Some years previous to the time of one particular reading a certain Danish workman had disappeared, and left no trace. Shortly afterward a series of well-written stories [illegible] criminal adventure was issued by one of the better-[illegible]nish publishing houses. It became known that [illegible] none other than the missing workman.

[illegible]o suspicion, until the studious detective [illegible] stories a set of facts which, well [illegible]rary setting, coincided with those [illegible] been solved.

[illegible] detective was interested, [illegible]gan collecting and reading [illegible]ritings of this workman-[illegible]. He found that many of [illegible]dents in these stories tal-[illegible]e nicely with other un-[illegible]mes. Thereupon he ar-[illegible] author, who later con-[illegible]ese and other criminal

[illegible] many tales of stamps [illegible]ollecting, yet few of [illegible]ought such luck to the [illegible]following:

[illegible]ie French collector [illegible]ancelled stamp on a [illegible]ted it in his album. [illegible] insignificant inci-[illegible]ening gun in a po-[illegible]gainst an unknown [illegible]tolen $30,000 worth [illegible]ps.

[illegible]y's father question-[illegible]ing the uncancelled [illegible]e had acquired, he [illegible]t had been found [illegible]le bridge. Passing [illegible]ridge in his car the [illegible] the father was as-[illegible]iscover a similar [illegible]to his tire.

[illegible]was brought to the [illegible] police, who traced [illegible] the Stamp Bureau [illegible]fortville. This man [illegible]d that he had taken [illegible], having found that [illegible]-pose of them, had [illegible]ver the bridge. Sev-[illegible] had been caught by [illegible]posited on the road-[illegible]ges.

[illegible]ften miss their quar- [illegible] they follow up per-[illegible]uits with the utmost [illegible] Here is an instance [illegible]suing of a false lead [illegible]he catching of two [illegible]ead of one:

[illegible] that an absconding [illegible]the country on a cer- [illegible] the passengers were [illegible]n whom they suspected

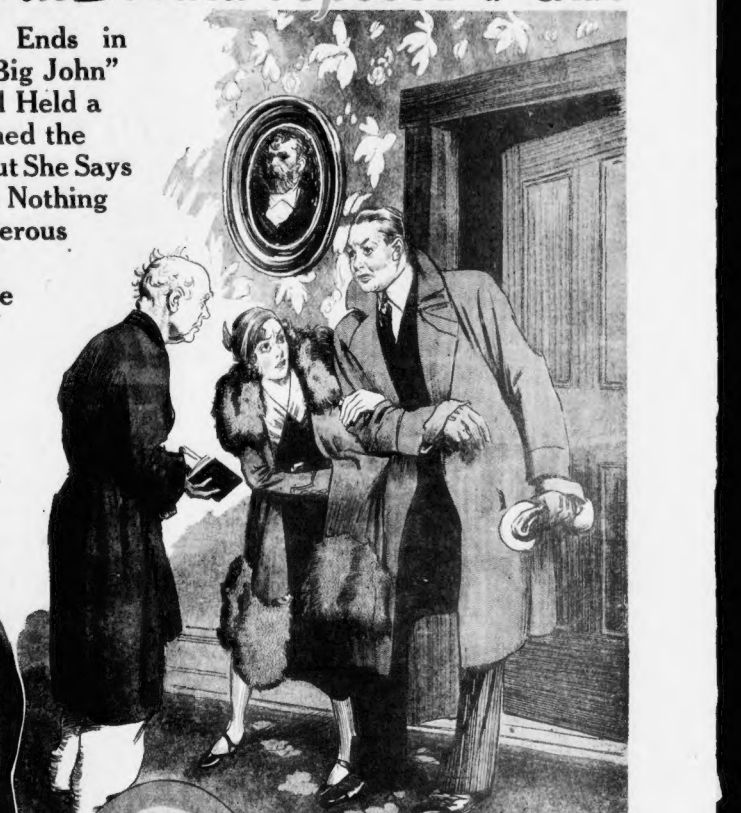
[illegible] superior in London, [illegible]eal offender had been [illegible]ve was astounded, but [illegible]had seized at the boat. [illegible]e man who had been [illegible]a tax-collector who was

Husky Football Star Says His Bride Proposed with a Gun

Somewhat Premature Leap-Year Marriage Ends in Divorce Because the Groom (Gridiron Hero "Big John" Rigdon, of Georgia,) Swears Little Lovie Teel Held a Pistol on Him and the Judge Who Performed the Ceremony—But She Says She Carried Nothing More Dangerous Than a Spectacle Case

The Hotel at Seale, Alabama, Where Judge Dudley Performed the Puzzling Midnight Marriage of Football Hero Rigdon and Little Lovie Teel.

Mrs. Rigdon (Lovie Teel), Who Denies She Intimidated the Judge and Her Husky Bridegroom.



According to Judge Dudley, Who Protested Against the Marriage, Miss Teel Ran Over to the Football Star and, With Her Hand Hidden Under Her Coat, Apparently Pressed Something Against Rigdon's Heart, and "Big John" Told Him That He Had Better Marry Them, Because the Anxious Bride Would Kill Them Both If He Didn't. So the Judge Married Them. But He Admits He Never Saw the Gun and Mrs. Rigdon Says the Most Deadly Weapon She Had Was a Spectacle Case.

Judge Dudley, Who Married "Big John" and Lovie, Because, He Says, He Feared the Bride Would Shoot Both of Them If He Refused.

"Big John" Rigdon, the Former Georgia Football Hero and Reluctant Husband of Miss Teel.

NINETEEN THIRTY-TWO is a leap-year.

The first of the crop of leap-year proposals was accepted and marriage resulted immediately, but it did not turn out very well, for two reasons.

First, because Miss Lovie Teel, of Columbus, Georgia, proposed on December 23, eight days before leap-year began; and secondly, because, according to "Big John" Rigdon, former football hero, one of the strongest men who ever entered Georgia University and not the blushing, but pallid, groom, she reinforced the lure of her natural charms by sticking a gun in his ribs when he objected that "This is so sudden."

Even Probate Judge H. R. Dudley, of Seale, Alabama, who was awakened at night to marry them, says that he performed the ceremony under protest, and only because he feared the bride would shoot both of them if he refused. He says it was not legal, and so does Mr. Rigdon, who is suing for divorce.

So-called "shotgun marriages" occur in the South as well as in other parts of the country, but the weapon that persuades the reluctant groom is supposed to be carried by some male member of the gal's family—never by the bride, even in leap-years. Miss Teel, who has now become Mrs. Rigdon, denies that she had a gun or anything more dangerous than a spectacle case. It all reminds the people of Georgia and Alabama of the client whose lawyer told him that he had finally found grounds for having his marriage annulled. He said:

"Your father-in-law did not have a pistol license at the time of the wedding."

On the night of December 23, 1931, Homer R. Dudley was sleeping the sleep of the just that justices always sleep, in his hotel room in the little Alabama town of Seale. He is a probate judge who presides over the sordid arguments of lawyers as to where the money is to go from wills of people dead and buried. Flaming youth and wild-eyed romance such as enliven police and divorce courts he had never seen, but they were coming to him at a most unlikely place and hour.

There were heavy footsteps in the hall and a heavy knock on his door, like that of a sheriff after his fee. The judge awoke and let in, not a sheriff, but a young man plenty big enough for one. It was Georgia's renowned left guard and shot-putter, reputed to be the strongest and most fearless man who had ever entered the university. Judge Dudley knew Rigdon, who at the moment looked anything but fearless, as he hastily explained that there was a woman outside in a car who had been keeping a gun on him for hours, had made him drive over from Georgia and threatened that if he did not marry her that night she would shoot him.

While Rigdon was still explaining, Judge Dudley says that the bride-elect (though Rigdon says she was not elected, but self-appointed) burst into the room, saying:

"John, you promised you would not tell him that."

She was a small, frail-looking brunette whom "Big John," the shot-putter, could have hurled out the window with one hand, but little Lovie bore a determined look and "Big John" a scared, hunted one.

Even to the judge's sleepy eyes this did not look like an ideally happy couple and, having heard that there had been threats, he sought for a tactful excuse for not performing the ceremony and presently found one.

According to Alabama law, the bridegroom must present a certificate from a doctor of that State attesting that he is in good health. The bride's health is nobody's business. John produced a health certificate, but it was made out by a physician of Georgia, not Alabama. Standing on that point, the judge declined to marry them on the grounds that the law forbade it until he could furnish evidence from an Alabama doctor. This nicely avoided any ungallant questioning of a bride as to whether she was shepherding her beloved to the wedding with a gun.

But it did not work. Judge Dudley says that the bride-to-be burst into tears and insisted that the ceremony be performed anyway, regardless of a little matter like the law. The judge, with as much judicial dignity as can be assumed by a man in pajamas and bathrobe, stood his ground, pointing out that it would do no good if he went through the words and motions of marrying them, because it would be illegal and therefore null and void.

The groom grasped this legal point and concurred heartily. He heaved a sigh from his deep chest and informed Lovie that it was too bad, but she could see that evidently nothing could be done that night. A moment later Mr. Rigdon reversed himself, and so did the judge. There was a reason.

The judge says that the lady ran over to the groom and, with her hand hidden under her coat, pressed something, which he thought was a pistol, right over John's heart. Then she whispered something in her lover's ear that Judge Dudley could not hear, but which that young man promptly told him in an anxious voice. In relating that experience Judge Dudley said:

"Mr. Rigdon then turned to me, saying, 'Judge, you had better marry us. If you don't, she says she'll kill you and me, too.'

"That was as near as I came to seeing a pistol. I didn't actually see it.

"To prevent further trouble I then performed the ceremony without ever having issued a license and under protest, telling them the marriage would not be legal. The marriage was never recorded on the records of my office and is not legal."

Lovie and John then departed and the justice returned to the sleep of the just. As he saw it, his action had prevented possible premature funerals of an eminent athlete and a learned judge at the cost of merely saying some words which could do no harm, because he had warned them that what he had done did not make them man and wife. It is possible to hold up a judge for his watch and pocketbook, but not for a decision or a marriage, because they would not be worth the paper they were written on as soon as he repudiated them.

Having heard nothing more from his midnight callers in the next few days, Judge Dudley forgot about the fantastic incident as if it had been a dream, until after the holidays he read that the reluctant groom was suing the ardent bride on the grounds that it was done against his wishes at the point of a pistol, and the threat not only of killing him but of burning up the plant of the creamery where he worked. This double threat of losing his life and his job both was enough to frighten a man into anything, even matrimony.

A remarkable feature of the complaint was John's assertion that Lovie had kept him terrorized by her pistol for five hours before she finally got him before Judge Dudley. To many it seemed strange if in all that time such a powerful man, more than six feet tall, did not get a chance to disarm his small enemy, who is only five feet four inches high.

Mrs. Rigdon answered by denying all threats of shooting or burning and asked for alimony and counsel fees. A preliminary hearing was held before Judge McLaughlin, of Muskogee County Superior Court, in Alabama, where some of the things that went before this "gun romance" were brought out. While denying that there had been any intimidation, the bride admitted that she had strongly urged her laggard lover to marry her then and there.

"I loved him," she said. "We had been going together for seven years and were engaged for four years. I believed we were going to be married. Then, on December 22, he called me on the telephone and said it was all over. I didn't know what to think.

"I had treated him like a husband."

She said she went to Rigdon's place of business on the following morning to demand an explanation, and he agreed willingly to accompany her to Seale for the wedding.

"I did not have a gun," she said. "All I carried was my spectacle case. I did not threaten him in any way."

Rigdon, after telling of his alleged five hours of terror culminating in his visit to the judge, said that if Judge Dudley had not married them she would have killed them both, and produced the following letter from the bride to show she was in a killing mood:

"I've told you before that I don't intend to be jilted, and I mean it. I don't care if I have to live in a barn and work for my bread. I can do it, but I will not have my friends and others saying I've wasted all these years, but it didn't do any good. I didn't ever get you. I've done lots of things lately that you or no one would believe in order to be free of responsibility and to make things easier for my family in case I have to do something I really don't want to do, because life could mean much.

"Life with me could be very pleasant if you would let it, or it could be a living hell if you desire it, but Death with me WILL BE AN ETERNAL HELL, because I believe you will be held as much responsible as I. You may think I'm going to break down in tears again. But I won't, for it's past that point now. You couldn't stick me with a pin now and make me shed a tear. So much of anything, it doesn't matter if it's anger or broken spirit, then I turn almost to stone.

"I want you to call me tonight and tell me if you had rather agree with me or cause many a heartache for Christmas. (Think of your mother as I have thought of mine.) John, you don't believe that I have the nerve or that I'm desperate, but one who will do the things I've done will do anything, and you have driven me to it. There is only one reason I've hesitated all these months, and that is because my mother and dad don't deserve the heartbreak they'll get.

"I've fooled everybody but myself, and I'm tired of trying, for I know it can't be done. I want to start over on the right track, but I can't without your help.

"LOVIE."

John called up as requested, but he gave her the wrong answer; in fact, said that everything was all off. It was then that Lovie got very busy and within two days had made him change his mind by some means that a jury will have to decide. Mrs. Rigdon explained that the mention of death in her letter was not a threat, but only intimations of suicide. Her husband, who testified that he had taken his bride to her home straight from the wedding and not seen her since, offered in evidence the following quite original prenuptial agreement:

"I, Margaret Lovie Teel, agree after my marriage to John Rigdon, not to hold him responsible for any physical conditions as childbirth, etc., also that on the date divorce papers are served me I shall sign same without any further trouble or to file suit for alimony. Also not to ask of courts any demand for money or personal property.

"I also agree not to come to his place of business.

"LOVIE TEEL
"JOHN RIGDON."

There is nothing in that agreement permitting John to bring the divorce suit on such unpleasant grounds as his claim that she married him with a gun. This, she contends, breaks the spirit of the agreement. Whether it does or not probably does not matter much. It may not be strictly according to the law, but, as a matter of practice, except in the case of certain prenuptial payments in lieu of possible alimony, a woman may sign most any sort of agreement in order to induce a man to marry her and, once the ceremony is over, repudiate it with impunity.

After hearing the evidence and considering the case for several days, Judge McLaughlin awarded Mrs. Rigdon counsel fees of $35 and temporary alimony of only $15 a month.

And maybe it was only a spectacle case Lovie was shoving into John's ribs. But, after all, a thing is what you think it is. And John says he thought it was a pistol. So did the Judge.

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Plan your Lenten Meals with MUELLER'S MACARONI

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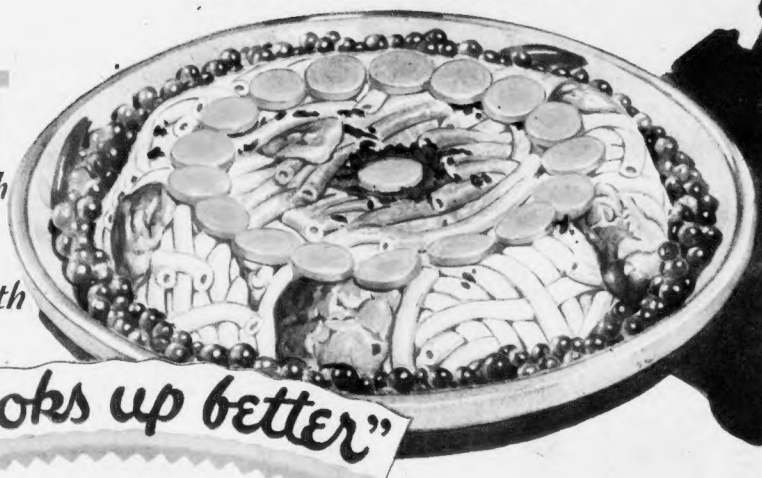
Feb. 10th to Mar. 27th



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MACARONI *with Scalloped Clams*

1 Package Mueller's Macaroni
1 Quart clams
3 Tablespoons butter
1 Tablespoon flour
1½ Cups milk
1 Teaspoon salt
⅛ Teaspoon pepper
⅛ Teaspoon paprika
1 Tablespoon minced parsley
Buttered breadcrumbs

Parboil the macaroni for 7 minutes in 4 quarts rapidly boiling water to which 1 tablespoon salt has been added. Drain. Clean the clams, steam to remove from shell (or remove from can), reserving ½ cup of the liquor. Mince the clams, rejecting the tough parts. Make a white sauce by melting the butter and blending in the flour and the milk. Add the salt, pepper, paprika and parsley and cook until the sauce thickens. Then add the strained liquor. Into a well-buttered baking dish place alternate layers of macaroni and clams, finishing with the macaroni. Pour the sauce over this, cover with buttered breadcrumbs and bake in a quick oven 15 minutes.

The dish is shown garnished with peas, parsley and sliced carrots. Any other vegetables may be served.

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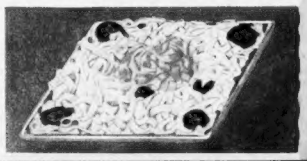
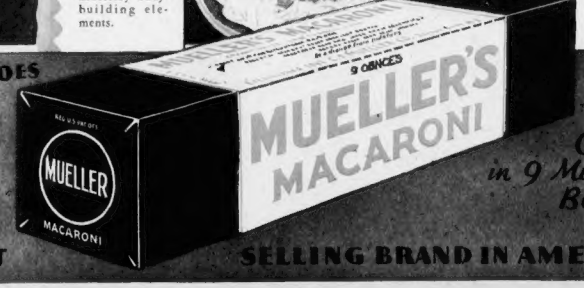


This is an excellent dish for children. Served with a glass of milk, the combination of Mueller's Egg Noodles and prunes provides necessary body-building elements.

SPAGHETTI *with Salmon*

An ideal dish for Lent! It is a delicious combination of Mueller's Spaghetti, salmon, tomatoes and seasoning. Garnished with parsley and lemons.



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It's the Sirens' Voices, Not Vices, that Charm

Professor Laird Explains the Mystery of Why Many of the Famous Vamps of History Were Not Beauties and Yet Enslaved Kings and Potentates

—To Right—
Mme. de Maintenon, a Rather Plain-Faced Woman, Who Nevertheless Possessed an Unusually Sweet Voice, and Because of It, Though Only a Poor Widow, Became the Wife of Louis XIV, King of France.

The Ancient Greeks, Who Invented the Sirens, Believed That It Was Their Lovely Voices Which Lured Men to Them; but the Legend Was That the Hero Odysseus Had Himself Bound to the Mast of a Ship So He Could Not Break Loose and Closed the Ears of His Crew With Wax So He Could Listen Unharmed to Their Song.

Duchess Margaret of Carinthia and Tyrol, Whose Caressing Musical Voice Enabled Her to Win the Affections of Many Men, Despite Her Ugliness, and to Rule Her Country Successfully for Years.

Mrs. Jean Nash (Now Mme. Paul Dubonnet), Not Extraordinarily Beautiful, but Whose Remarkable Soothing Voice Has Brought Her Wealth and Social Distinction in Europe.

Photo by ACME.

John Gilbert, Who Was the "Perfect Lover" of the Screen Until the Talking Pictures Took the Place of the Silent Ones—When It Was Discovered That His Voice Was Not Adapted to His Roles and So Greatly Diminished His Popularity.

Adah Isaacs Menken, an Unusually Plain Courtesan of the Victorian Era, Whose Charming Voice Enabled Her to Win the Affections of the Novelist Dickens and Some of the Notable Men of Her Time.

By Prof. Donald A. Laird,

Director of the Psychological Laboratory, Colgate University.

CONTRARY though it seems to our accepted moral code, the fact is that all love sirens, love thieves and home wreckers are not black hearted. Many, perhaps the majority, do not steal affections and disrupt happy families just for the fun of it, or for pecuniary gain. Chances are they are simply unwary victims of what we might call a psychological snare, or snares.

To the scientist as well as the poet love is, or has been, some mysterious thing that comes upon a human unawares, and with ruthless disregard for obstacles upsets the old equilibrium for better or for worse, for little or for long. Why this is we are only beginning to understand. But this much is certain; in many a case it is the voice of the siren, or the masculine love thief, for that matter, rather than their vices, that brings on the havoc and the scandal.

Strange as it may strike one, a present day survey of scientific knowledge goes far to explain as well as to prove this revolutionary assertion. Throughout history there has been a haunting belief in the love power of the human voice. Did not Odysseus, Homer's famed wanderer, stuff the ears of his crew with wax, and then bind himself to the mast of his galley, while sailing past the Isle of Circe and the rock of Scylla, lest the sweet voices of the sirens on a small nearby islet lure himself and his men to destruction?

Come to our own day. Who among us, seeing some hitherto conventional married man with a comely wife and fine family forsake all for a love siren, has not, on getting a glimpse of the love thief, exclaimed in surprise:

"Well, I swear, what can he see in her? Compared to his wife, she is homely!"

But even more to the point, some women of our day have a worldwide reputation for voice charm in affairs of the heart. Such, for example, as the former Mrs. Jean Nash, the present Mrs. Paul Dubonnet. Indeed, certain siren voices are reputed to bring men flocking to siren heels as numerously as the Pied Piper of Hamlin lured the rodents.

And consider movies. Did not many a sensational lover of the silent film find himself out of luck when it came to being a siren of the talkies? John Gilbert, perfect lover as long as the pictures did not speak, was one. They had physical charm, but not quite the required vocal charm—that elusive, lovely quality in the voice which so often is the key to the hearts of otherwise unassailable citizens.

Science has made various efforts to understand just what this quality is. Machines have been constructed to photograph and isolate it. Models of countless human throats have been created in efforts to duplicate voice tones and overtones. Still the quest continues. But even if we cannot tell exactly what it is, the psychologist is able to explain just what it does, and how, because, after all, it has its roots in the every day, ordinary life about us. In boyhood and girlhood experiences, for one thing; in peculiar traits of certain of our minds for another; in odd manifestations of affection for a third. Which is only the broadest kind of description of this absorbing field.

One of the most interesting phases of the explanation has to do with the mental ability known to science as "synaesthesia." In a word, this means the ability or trait of seeing things as a result of hearing sounds. As Dr. T. H. Pear, of the famous King's College, London, says:

"It may be the softness of one voice is felt rather than heard, that stridency, attributed to another (voice), results from a muscular tendency to shrink away and hold oneself together. When some persons hear a rich or velvety, fine grained or passe voice, they may think of the color, taste and feel of good Burgundy, of the dark, satisfying wood of a certain panel, of the pathetic look and touch of plush with the nap worn off, witness of better days."

Close your eyes and press your finger upon your eyeballs. Do you not see colors—red, yellow, orange? In some minds, then, the sound of a voice has somewhat the same effect as your fingers—the person so minded SEES the voice as well as hears it, in color, forms and figures. Recently, in a radio test in London, various voices read a selection from Dickens. The readers' names and descriptions were kept secret. Several persons were asked to describe the owners of the voices. A well-known novelist said, and rightly, that one of the readers was a young woman "with pretty red lips." Possessed of this trait called synaesthesia, he saw the "pretty red lips."

Is it not plain how this quality may, psychologically, lead to a mad love? You and I hear the young woman in the case read. We think she has a pleasant voice. We may or may not speculate, aside from what we have heard, on what she looks like. But that is all. On the other hand the synaesthesiast, as he listens, sees pretty red lips.

Now, suppose such an individual meets a woman or girl possessed of a voice which he sees in the form of a lovely and beautiful siren. In plain statement, the idea tends toward the miraculous, yet the fact appears to be that he may fall violently in love with what he SEES when he hears the voice. To the rest of us, the speaker may be not so beautiful; but the lover sees her through the inner sensation of beauty aroused, or painted of her, in his mind, by her voice. After all, the love pleasure she invokes in his thought through her voice may be quite as strong as that which a ravishing belle might invoke through the medium of his eyes. So, is it any wonder that, inexplicable as the case may seem on the surface, he runs away with the none too beautiful siren, sweeping her off her feet with his ardor, and leaving everything else behind?

Scientists vary in their estimate of what per cent of humans are synaesthesiasts, the highest figure being ten and the lowest five, though it must be remembered that the trait varies in degree with the individual, and that the highly suppositious case outlined above is made extreme for purposes of better illustration. Studies in the matter lead the writer to conclude that seven per cent is the true estimate.

So much for synaesthesia. How, then, does boyhood and girlhood experience figure in other cases as the cause of man or woman succumbing at last to the lure of the love thief? The answer goes back to the curious mental process which psychologists call "conditioning." This, in brief, establishes that as we grow we become affectionately attached to a succession of other humans—mother, father, nurse, brother, sister, playmate, or chance associate.

Suppose a man's mother was possessed of a full melodious voice, and that as she mothered him in boyhood hog love radiated through it in soft, caressing inflections. Is it not clear from your personal experience that such a voice would make an impression upon him which might be forgotten but never could be entirely effaced from his conscious, or, better still, sub-conscious mind? Let us assume further that he has married a woman whose high pitched, unmusical voice — incapable of soothing inflections and mellow emotional tones — leaves him cold. The voice of the people around him are businesslike, unattractive. Then suddenly, he meets a siren, who purposely or without design, has developed a rich, gentle, caressing voice like that of his mother.

Can it be wondered at if he is drawn irresistibly toward her —drawn to her with something of the same happiness and satisfaction with which one returns to the beloved home of his boyhood? If he loves to be with her, finds a deep content and rest in her company, and finally is hopelessly in love with her? Truth is, it happens, just like that.

And it works exactly the same the other way around. Suppose a young woman is wed to the counterpart of the wife above—to a man with a voice unlike her father's rich baritone, full of kindness and confidence for her, which is still fresh in her memory. She meets a potential love thief with a voice reminiscent of the lost parental tones. She is attracted even against her will, her attention is caught; through all the love thief's suit, honest or otherwise, that voice drops its to her bewitching sounds upon her heart and brain, and because of this "condition" gives her well being and pleasure, as well as instills in her a sense of the confidence and trust she had, of course, in her father, until at last her love is stolen once and for all. Thus many a scandal may have owed its beginning not to wicked resolve, but a siren voice. Ask yourself, incipient love-neaters, "Is it she I love, or her voice?"

And these older men who become entangled, as the newspapers often report, with youthful sirens of the chorus—why do they do it? Anyone could see, as their relatives point out, that no good could come of it, which is usually true, and known to the man himself. Yet there is something about the siren which holds him in spite of himself. Seldom does he think that it may be her voice. He has, say, married and reared a family, and no doubt one of the strongest and deepest emotions he experienced in early life came when his daughter crept to him and appealed for help in her hurt, piteous little voice after some minor tragedy of childhood. And like as not he would realize, did he think of it, that the chorus girl siren was exactly this—a hurt, baby voice appealing, perhaps invidiously. The hurt baby tones strike a responsive chord in his heart again. They win his sympathy, which is, by and large, the beginning of love.

There are, too, men whose personalities are compounded to a degree of feminine as well as masculine traits and tendencies. And women of the same personality make-up. In comparatively few instances does this admixture affect their lives to any vital extent. Yet to an effeminate man a husky or man-like voice in a pretty woman is apt to have powers of attraction; while on the other hand, to a masculine woman a man whose voice is effeminate may possess the most potent appeal. So no doubt many a love triangle traces its rise to a man's curiously pitched voice, or to a husky, deep-toned voice in some white, swan-like throat.

Still, the reader may protest, all these instances deal with individual, numerically small tendencies. How then do they account for such facts as sirens and love thieves of the old movies being unable to carry on in the talkies? Of course, they do not. But underlying these specific phases is the broader basis of voice power which extends its force of attraction and repulsion not only among sirens and love thieves, but into practically all human relations.

"Human language stands revealed as a highly refined development of the crude and undifferentiated expressions which, under emotional stress, are uttered by all the animals," declares Dr. Irwin Erdman, of Columbia. "It can interest, fascinate, delight, or weary and displease, by what we can only call the purely musical beauty of its sound patterns."

Or, to paraphrase it, the voice quality appeals mainly to the emotions, not to what it says to the mind; and do we not live more by emotion than by mind?

If you will think of the voices of those you know you will realize that voice is never neutral; always it repels in one person or attracts in another. It is so in love, business or politics—for the very good reason that we, as humans, consciously or unconsciously like or dislike every feeling experience that comes to us. We listen with pleasure and liking to a low, well modulated voice; we shrink inwardly, at least, from a loud, harsh, strident, stilted or affected voice.

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Ghost of the Bloody Countess Haunts Castle?

Peasants Dare Not Go Near the Ruins of the Old Austrian Chateau of Countess Elizabeth Where She Took the Lives of 640 Young Women to Rejuvenate Her Fading Charms

Ruins of the "Castle Terrible" of the Countess Elizabeth, Two Miles From the Village of Cachtice, in Slovakia.

Ruins of the Castle On the Hilltop as Seen From the Valley Near Pistany, Slovakia.

The Countess Elizabeth Nadasdy, From Oil Painting in Collection of Count Nicola Zay.

PRAGUE, Feb 4

TEN miles from the popular Slovakian spa of Pistany, with its mud-baths, sulphur springs and big hotels, lies the somewhat ruined village of Cachtice, picturesquely situated among the wooded foothills of the Carpathians. It is noted for the frowning ruins of its rock-perched castle, dating from the fifteenth century, and [illegible] than two hundred years ago.

The native disposition of the inhabitants, however, has been clouded of late by a shadowy terror—the ghost of Elizabeth Bathory [illegible] of Hungary who lived here some three hundred years ago and took beauty baths in the blood of 640 girls she and her accomplices murdered, is haunting her crumbling chateau and wandering about the countryside in search of new victims.

Last week a party of tourists from Pistany complained that no guides, for love or money, could be procured in the hamlet to lead them through the feudal strongpold, majestic in its dark decay. Young women of Cachtice, whose predecessors were done so death so terribly in the past to gratify the caprice of the Countess, pass by the castle walls in fear and trembling, and marvel at the foolhardiness of foreign ladies who insist on exploring this mountain fastness.

Recently a herdsman, overtaken by night in the neighborhood of the lofty ruin, testified to seeing strange lights flickering in the tower windows, and to hearing screams and groans coming from the vacant halls where Elizabeth, with her countless [illegible] victims, once held her [illegible]. According to local belief, girls venturing alone into the castle precincts after sundown will never return, as the vampire Countess needs their blood to bathe in.

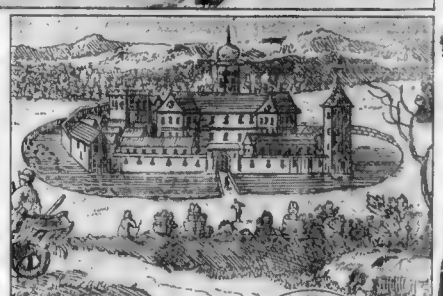
Elizabeth's acts of ferocity are unique in the annals of Hungarian history and of the world. Ferdinand of Bluebeard Memory, who died in 1912 strangled his dozen wives one after another and buried their dismembered bodies in the tan-bark in the garden at Cinkota, seem relatively pale alongside the refined torture of the noble woman. Only the monster Gilles de Rais, tormentor and murderer of little children in his chateau at Tiffauges, Brittany, and the blood-crazed Marquis de Sade, can be compared to her.

Princess de Bathory, born in 1560, was descended from an ancient Hungarian family that established itself in Transylvania during the fourteenth century and furnished subject matter for pathologists of succeeding generations. Her Uncle Gabriel, monarch of Transylvania, was half mad and vowed he was continually haunted by the devil; her uncle, Stephen II, lived and died an idiot; her uncle, Stephen III—odious for his pride and debauches—betrayed his country to the Turks; and one of her aunts, Clara, assassinated her spouse. Except for her uncle, Stephen Bathory, crowned king of Poland at Cracow in 1576, Elizabeth's royal relatives today would be candidates for a prison or lunatic asylum.

The Princess' mother was married three times, Elizabeth being the child of the third union. At the age of 13, the girl was sent to the castle of her future husband at Varona, Hungary, to be educated, and here, on May 8, 1575, she wedded the gigantic Count Francis Nadasdy. An emissary of the Emperor Maximillian II was one of the many present at the ceremony, and brought a gold wine tankard to the bride as a gift from the Emperor. Shortly after the festivities, the 21-year-old Count departed with his wife and retainers to his castle at Cachtice, where the couple lived in lordly style.

After ten years of wedded life Elizabeth, dismayed because she had no children, went to consult some reputed sorceresses in the district. The old hags loaded her with talismans, taught her spells initiated her into their mysterious rites, and the superstitious Countess was not at all surprised when she gave birth the following year to a boy, whom she named Paul. In the next five years [illegible] three daughters to the Count—Anna, Ursuline and Catherine.

Painting By Stephan Cook, Depicting the Cruelties of Countess Elizabeth—From the Budapest National Gallery.



Old Sketch of the Castle of Bitse Where the Trial of the Countess and Her Accomplices Was Held in January, 1611. Bitse Chateau Is Now a Ruin and Is About Half a Day's Journey From Cachtice, Slovakia.

Portrait of Georges Thurzo, Chancellor of Hungary, Who Seized the Countess and Accomplices and Put Them On Trial.

Beloved by Count Nadasdy—and by the gay young barons round about who paid court to her during his chatelaine's absence—Elizabeth was cordially hated by her domestics, on whom she imposed the most difficult tasks. They were punished for the slightest faults, and many a demoiselle d'honneur bore visible traces of her mistress's rage. She appeared to take pleasure in making them suffer, and was spurred on by the court dwarf Johannes Ujvary—familiarly known as Fiesko—and an old woman named Dorko, the nurse of Paul. By fawning on her, and flattering her acts of violence, the crone and hunchback found favor in her eyes, and so managed to escape her persecutions.

One day a waiting-maid, in arranging her ladyship's coiffure, happened to break a pearl-encrusted comb, whereupon Elizabeth, in a fit of fury, struck her such a blow in the face that her hand was covered with the blood spurting from the poor girl's lips. Afterwards the Countess noticed that the skin of her hand had grown whiter and softer where the blood had accidentally splashed it. For days she pondered over this strange discovery, waited again the witch women of her acquaintance, and at length came to the conclusion that by bathing in human blood she might indefinitely postpone age.

The Countess was nearing the fatal forties. So far she had easily held the affection of the Count, and of her numerous lovers, by her natural charms and splendid costumes. But some months previously, after consulting her mirror one morning and finding, to her horror, a few gray hairs on her head, she had dyed her locks a rich golden brown. And daily, with paint and powder, she waged relentless war on invading wrinkles, for Elizabeth dreaded the approach of age that would rob her of beauty and admirers.

Suddenly the idea came to the Countess to regain her youth by bathing in the life-blood of young girls. To set time and decay at defiance, to wear the royal crown of unending youth was her dream.

Countess Nadasdy made her first experiment on the maid who had broken her comb. The girl was bound and cast into the castle dungeon, where Dorko and the dwarf clubbed her to death. Then they filled earthen bowls with her steaming blood and poured it over the nude body of their mistress. In the course of the next few weeks other menials of the household met a similar fate. The great and powerful Countess, naturally, had little trouble in persuading peasant beauties to enter her employ as servants, sewing maids or companions. Indeed, they considered her invitations as the highest honor. To procure fresh victims, the ogress even offered marriage dowries to young girls of indigent but patrician families, if they would come and live with her.

Years passed and the Countess's beauty still failed, but she never gave up hope in her baths, which she regarded as a "blood tonic." When unable to obtain young women at Cachtice, she sent her agents into the surrounding villages of Sarvarit, Indiken and Tapian-Szivan. She had four other accomplices now, besides the hunchback and nurse, Catherine Czegi. [illegible] Benicsky, Anna Darvolia and Dorothea Szentes—all of whom later testified against her at the trial.

In 1590, when Count Nadasdy and his wife paid a visit to Presburg, where they were the guests of the Hungarian Chancellor Georges Thurzo, some Cachtice gossips mustered up courage enough during their absence to whisper about the local lasses who had so mysteriously disappeared in the forbidding mountain stronghold. But they prudently kept silent on the return of their master and [illegible] soon had something else to talk about when Elizabeth [illegible] rage of two of her dupes, Nicola Zrini, commander-in-chief of the Hungarian army, the other to a rich land-owner named Drauet. Then Count Nadasdy suddenly passed away, leaving his wife at liberty in the chateau to revel in blood without fear of detection.

Now there commenced an unparalleled orgy of cruelty. The Countess was not content to kill her victims and bathe in their blood; she must torture them first. Treated as a queen in the great hall of the castle, and surrounded by her faithful companions in crime, she gave orders for the poor wretches to be dragged before her. They were stripped of their clothes and left to the mercies of this madwoman.

Sometimes the girls were stuck full of pins; on other occasions, Elizabeth diverted herself by branding their bodies, or snipping off piece of flesh with her scissors.

Sometimes on the coldest Winter nights, victims were thrust stark naked into tubs of water and left outdoors till the morning, when they were "revived" by having burning coals thrown on them. The castle gardens served as the burial ground for the victims.

Before the Countess was finally brought to justice, in 1611, more than 640 girls had been sacrificed to her mad vanity. A fiance, suspecting his betrothed had been killed by the Countess, secretly entered the castle one night by bribing a servant, recovered the corpse of his sweetheart, and later denounced the murderess. The authorities at Pressburg were notified, and Georges Thurzo, at the head of a band of soldiers, came to Cachtice and made prisoner the noblewoman he once had entertained in his palace. Her six accomplices were confined in the nearby castle of Gran-Bittse, in which the trial took place Jan. 2, 1611.

The presiding Judge at the trial, that lasted five days, was Theodosius Syrmiensis, of Szulyo. Evidence of the Countess's atrocious deeds, in all their distressing details, was produced, and she and her inhuman helpmates were condemned. Ficzko the dwarf, who had been in Lady Ep's service for 16 years, was decapitated and his remains [illegible] to the flames. Dorko and [illegible] were burned alive. Catherine Benicsky, Anna Darvolia and Dorothea Szentes were sentenced to perpetual imprisonment.

Slovakian Peasant Girl in National Costume.

As for Elizabeth, she was shut up in the dungeon keep of her castle at Cachtice, scene of her crimes. And here, tormented by the avenging spirits of her victims, and by the fact that she had failed in her quest of youth, she died mad in 1614.

A curious light is thrown on the manners of the age by a letter—now in the [illegible] at Prague—written to Thurzo by Maximillian II, the Emperor, to ask why Elizabeth had escaped the death penalty, and the Chancellor replied that His Majesty would gain nothing by her death (the fortune of a person dying [illegible] reverted to the Emperor), as the Countess had willed her treasures to her two married daughters.

After reading the reports of the trial, as recorded in the archives of Gran Bittse, it is easy to understand why [illegible] peasant girls fears in the village of Cachtice, live in dread of the spectre of Countess Elizabeth Nadasdy.

It is difficult for anyone living in this age of enlightenment to realize that such a woman as the Countess Nadasdy could carry on her crimes without early discovery and punishment, but it should be remembered that the world was a very different place three hundred years ago. There were no automobiles, no telephones, no efficient police or courts, while those of wealth and position were usually exempt from laws and penalties to which the poor and unaristocratic were subject.

The castle had high and thick walls, from which nobody could escape and into which nobody could break. Several hundred servants and armed retainers carried out her orders. No force such as a country magistrate might summon would dare, or would be able to enter the castle. The nobility were not subject to the lower courts which passed judgment on common persons like peasants and workmen. Only orders from the Emperor could start a prosecution against such a great person as the Countess Nadasdy.

Those who are not familiar with this part of the case would suppose that the Count was supreme in his own castle, but the Countess was a woman of overbearing character and entirely dominated him. Then he died long before her and that left her in undisputed control.

A reign of terror prevailed in and around the castle. This was known to everybody in the vicinity, but they could not interfere. The poor girls who waited on the Countess in her boudoir knew that soon everyone of them would be a victim to her insane desire for cruel spectacles. Almost every day she condemned one of them to some new torture, while the others were forced to look on and tremble at what was going to happen to them.

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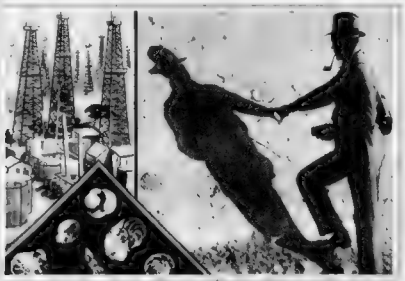

BUGS LEAD HUNT FOR BLACK GOLD. "There's millions in bugs!" seems incredible—but it's true. Science now employs tiny creatures—dead untold ages—to discover new oil wells that shoot sudden wealth. And today, as a consequence, many seemingly dead oil fields are again "big barrel" producers. How these bugs show drillers when to abandon hopeless projects and when to spend thousands of dollars for sure success is vividly revealed in March Popular Mechanics—at your nearest newsstand. Get your copy and read all about it

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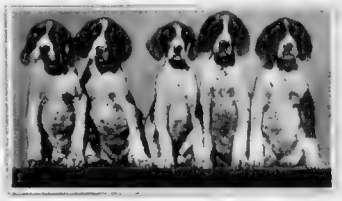

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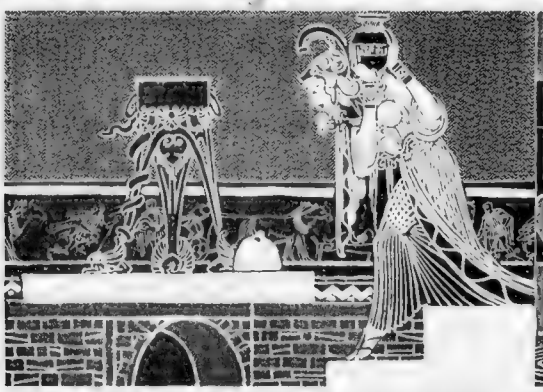
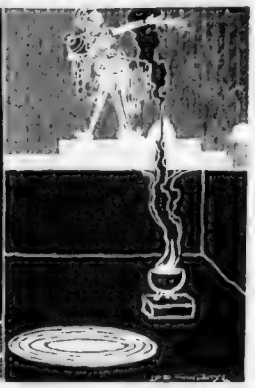
How Delphi's Oracle Made Its "Prophecies"



1—When Those Who Wanted Her to Prophesy Came to Her, the Priestess First Stepped Down Into a Crypt Beneath Her Tripod Ostensibly to Get Water From the Sacred Spring of the God Apollo, Which Was Piped Into a Basin There.

2—In the Crypt She Filled Her Vase and Set Fire to a Brazier Which Contained Various Substances With Intoxicating Fumes.

3—Then Ascending Her Tripod She Drank From the Vase and Poured Out a "Libation" to Apollo. While the Intoxicating Smoke Began to Ascend From the Crypt Through the Hole in the Sacred Stone.



4—At Last, Drunken on the Vapors Ascending From the Brazier in the Crypt Through the Hole in the Slab and the Channel Hollowed in the Sacred Stone, She Babbled Nonsense, Which Later Was "Interpreted" by the Priests as the Answer of the God Apollo to the Questioners.

Not the Sacred Breath of the God Apollo Inhaled by the Priestess From a Volcanic Fissure in the Ancient Shrine, But Just the Smoke of Various Drugs That Made Her Babble Nonsense Like an Opium Smoker in Any Chinatown

Details From an Ancient Greek Vase Showing the God Apollo Flying on the Sacred Tripod to His Temple at Delphi to Prophesy Through the Lips of His Priestess to Some Supplicant—For a Large Sum, of Course.

By a remarkable piece of [illegible] detective work, Dr. [illegible] Holland, a [illegible] American archeologist, has practically uncovered [illegible] of the [illegible] in ancient [illegible] profitable [illegible] of prophesying to the notables of its time.

The Delphi Oracle was by far the most renowned of all the pagan miracle shops of antiquity. It was believed to be the voice of the god Apollo speaking through the lips of a virgin priest[illegible]

When she answered the questions of supplicants she sat upon a high tripod, or three-legged stool, in the holy-of-holies of the temple. It was said that she inhaled a peculiar gas emanating from a volcanic fissure at the base of the tripod. In doing this the "spirit of the god" entered her, she became "inspired," and answered the questions.

Dr. Holland's discoveries indicate that, instead of getting "divinely drunk" upon volcanic gas, the Pythoness became quite vulgarly intoxicated upon the fumes of drugs burning in a hidden crypt beneath her tripod, and was no more "inspired" than any opium or hasheesh smoker in some Chinatown den. Nevertheless, fates of kings and nations were swayed by her drunken utterances.

Dr. Holland found and identified by limestone deposits left by water which she had poured out as libations to Apollo centuries ago, the very slab of stone upon which the tripod of the Oracle rested, and by these and other evidences reconstructed the hokum by which kings, emperors and whole nations were superstitiously deceived in ancient times.

Legend declared that on the site occupied by the temple a python had been slain by the sun-god Apollo. Locally he was called the Pythian Apollo, and the region thereabouts was known as Pytho. The temple was north of the Gulf of Corinth, a day's journey from Athens over a mountain range which still makes travel difficult. Nothing remains of it today except the foundations, which show two lines of columns along the side, with six columns at each end, and portions of its floor of limestone slabs.

The temple, like other religious establishments in those pagan days, was run for profit. It was a money-making concern, in a large way. Supported by it was a whole college of priests, who were supposed to be engaged in worship of the divinity. Faith of the people generally in the Oracle was absolute, and they paid accordingly for her prophetic and advisory utterances.

The young priestess who played the part of Pythoness was supposed to be in effect the mouthpiece of the god. What she said was a mere babble of gibberish, which was piously taken down by a priest in attendance. The person seeking advisory counsel was admitted to the presence of the Pythoness, and received from the priest a transcription of the oracular utterance. This being wholly unintelligible, he was directed to take it to any one of a number of priests [illegible] who [illegible] it was to [illegible] the [illegible] or [illegible] language. If the miraculous counsel given by the tripod lady turned out all right, there could [illegible] Won't [illegible] proven wrong, the priest could always throw the burden of the mistake upon the interpreter.

Dr. Holland, who is now doing archeological research work in the Library of Congress at Washington, gave a very interesting account of the observations by which he was enabled to identify the stone slab as the actual one in which were set the feet of the tripod that provided a chair for the Pythoness when she delivered her oracular utterances. There is ancient literary record of the fact that the priestess of Apollo occupied the tripod when she spoke her strange and mysterious sayings.

"It came about in this way," says Dr. Holland. "I was at Athens, where I served for three years as assistant professor in a school of classical study. In the course of that time I visited many places of classic interest in Greece, and one of them was Delphi.

"At Delphi the French archeologist, Fernand Courby, had by excavation uncovered the foundations of the famous temple of Apollo wherein the Oracle spoke. It was he who found the slab, and decided that it must originally have been part of the floor of the inner sanctuary. The upper surface of the slab showed a circular marking, and alongside the latter was a similar marking that had the form of a square. In the middle of the circle were four holes, and centrally located in the square was a square opening.

"The slab is about four by three feet in size, of limestone. Prof. Courby drew the conclusion that on the circular part there had originally stood a statue, and that on the square part there was probably an altar. But when I came to examine the slab, the inferences I drew were altogether different. The significant holes in the circular part were three, surrounding a central hole. They did not at all suggest the mounting of a statue, but rather of a tripod, the middle hole being meant to receive the foot of its central support. Whence I was inclined to believe that this very slab must have supported the tripod on which the Delphic priestess seated herself.

"A further conclusion I drew was that the hole through the middle of the square part of the slab provided an opening through which was emitted, from a crypt beneath the sanctuary, a vapor that intoxicated the Pythoness when she got ready to do her stuff. Classic literature tells us that a vapor did arise about her, coming up through an opening from below; and also that beneath the sanctuary there was a crypt into which the priestess descended by a narrow stair, ostensibly for the purpose of procuring water from a sacred spring, which she brought up in a bowl for a libation to the god that preceded her oracular utterances.

"It was at that period an accepted belief that the vapor in question was of a magical nature, emanating from the bowels of the earth. That suggests volcanic fumes. But Prof. Courby found no fissure beneath the sanctuary, and there are no signs of volcanic activity anywhere in that neighborhood.

"The water used for the libations came from a sacred spring called Castotic, which exists today on the hillside where the [illegible] temple was located. There seems good reason to suppose that this water was piped into the crypt. But the main object of the Pythoness in descending into the crypt, where she procured the bowlful of water, was presumably to light a brazier which contained material that produced an intoxicating vapor.

"There seems to be no doubt that the utterances of the Pythoness were delivered under the influence of some narcotic drug, the fumes of which presumably came up through the hole. Her remarks were mere ravings, like those of an intoxicated person. What drug was used cannot, of course, be known, but hemp seed means hasheesh, which according to Herodotus, who wrote in the fifth century, B. C., was even then familiar to the Scythians, the early people north of Greece.

"So it may be supposed that the Pythoness lighted the brazier of charcoal, threw hemp seed or some other narcotic material upon it, and came up from the crypt into the sanctuary with her bowl of sacred water. Whereupon she seated herself upon the tripod, was quickly made drunk by the fumes of hasheesh or what not coming up through the hole, and proceeded to do her stuff in the approved manner.

"Deductions drawn in this study have been greatly helped by descriptions of the Delphic Oracle that are found in classical literature. Thus it is known that the Pythoness sat on a tripod when she spoke. There is even a picture of her, an ancient painting still preserved, in which she is shown thus seated, the bowl of sacred water in her hand, with an applicant for oracular advice standing before her.

"Close alongside the tripod stood a beehive-shaped stone that was supposed to mark the center of the earth, which [illegible] at that period was conceived to be flat. This stone was called the Omphalos, or Navel. It is to this day preserved at Delphi. Through it from bottom to top is bored a round hole.

"It seems fairly evident to me that this stone was set upon the middle of the square part of the slab, in such a way that the hole in the latter registered with that hole through the Omphalos, and that thus was provided a tube through which the intoxicating vapor came up into the sanctuary from the crypt. Very likely a pipe ran through from beneath. The supposed brazier of charcoal may have been of small size, placed directly beneath the lower end of the pipe.

"Assuming my deductions to be correct, we may imagine the sanctuary

Painting by the Distinguished Artist John Collier, of the Oracle, or "Pythoness," of Delphi, Seated Upon Her Tripod and Breathing in Volcanic Gases From a Crevice at the Base—But Although She Deceived the Ancient World for Centuries as to the Character of These Fumes, Modern Science Has Discovered That They Were Nothing But the Smoke of Drugs.

5—A Photograph of the "Omphalos," the Sacred Stone of Delphi, Which Was Bored Through to Allow the Fumes of Drugs to Arise to the Priestess.

[illegible] fourteen [illegible] That only [illegible] for the [illegible] was mel[illegible] k's impos[illegible] to consult [illegible] yet at a sufficient distance to feel no effects of the narcotic.

"In addition to the holes in the slab I have already mentioned, there were two others, on opposite sides of the stone disk which provided a base for the tripod. These may have been openings from which sprang laurel boughs of real or metal foliage. The priestess [illegible] the laurel" [illegible] in her frenzy [illegible]

[illegible]-stone Omphalos, doubtless prehistoric (perhaps of meteoric origin like the Sacred Stone of Mecca worshipped by the Mohammedans), had an additional significance. Not only did it mark the center of the earth, but also the grave of [illegible] was an early [illegible]

The temple of the Oracle at Delphi was despoiled of its treasures a number of times. The Persians [illegible] of gold [illegible] [illegible] 10,000 talents or more [illegible] 6,000,000 [illegible] barbarian Gauls robbed [illegible] It is recorded that Nero looted it of 500 bronze statues, and the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, stole from it the tripod of the Pythoness, its most sacred appurtenance.

Most famous of all the recorded raidings of the Delphic Oracle's temple was that which related to "wooden walls" for the defense of Greece.

The country was threatened by a huge Persian fleet, and much fear was felt. In the emergency resort was had to the Oracle for advice. The Oracle advised that the best defense against the enemy would be provided "by wooden walls." This, of course, was very puzzling. But the Oracle never said anything in plain language, and its meaning in this instance was sought by consultation of the wisest philosophers and strategists.

It was finally decided that "wooden walls" must mean ships. Accordingly, great haste was made to build as many fighting craft as possible. Thus, by the time the Persian armada arrived in Grecian waters, the Greeks had a formidable fleet of their own. There ensued the battle of Salamis, which resulted in the almost total destruction of the Persian navy.

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Mlle. Debriege, the "Fatal Wo

Photograph of Mlle. Debriege in the Role of "Cramponia" in the Operetta "The Saturnalia" at the Nouveautes Theatre, Paris.

THE petted darling of the wealthy and dissolute before the World War, Mlle. Albany Debriege, now peddles scarfs and handkerchiefs in front of the theatres and fashionable restaurants in Paris where she once was queen. From her former mansion in the Rue Galilee, rich in antiques, art works and gorgeous jewels, she has moved to a garret in poverty-haunted Bohemian Montmartre.

Once the owner of a stable of twenty horses, she lacks even the few sous for a bus fare. Formerly she ate the imported game and specially prepared dishes of the best chefs of Paris and sipped the most expensive wines; now a handful of chestnuts from a street peddler is sometimes her only meal for the day.

Men of wealth and title contested for her favors, and the exquisite lines of "La Belle" Debriege's figure are preserved in two statues in the Luxembourg Galleries. But this idol of the Paris music halls is now forgotten; new and younger women are now the playthings of the rich profligates of the gay French capital.

The woman Fanny, the "Fatal Woman" of the novelist Murger's story, said: "The door by which one leaves my boudoir opens on the prison or the cemetery; and to enter the door there are fathers who will sell their daughters, and sons who would ruin their fathers."

By some Mlle. Debriege also has been called a "Femme Fatale," because four men—perhaps more—have gone to their graves on her account.

"Men loved me: I was beautiful and therefore desirable," was her fatal philosophy of life. "Money is created to spend, jewels are fashioned to be worn, and women to be loved. And because change is the only real mistress of man, and chance is his counsellor, we lovers of the moment seize all that the world offers—and live for the hour."

Mlle. Debriege now tells the story of her astonishing career, and her present plight is a moral lesson of the consequence of striving for the things that are not worth while.

Debriege as a Clown at an Equestrian Evening at the Theatre Moliere.

By Mlle. Albany Debriege

Once the Idol of the Paris Music Halls

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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I ARRIVED without hindrance in Paris after running away from my husband in Marseilles, and after a few days' complete rest at the Grand Hotel, I was able to welcome Edouard, my handsome young admirer, and to accompany him on many shopping excursions, which, although depleting my lover's bank account, added substantially to my store of dresses and jewels.

But I was not satisfied to be adored by only one, I wished to be the world's sweetheart; to inspire, to attract, and to be remembered forever when I had been seen once. Therefore I told Edouard that I intended adopting the stage as a profession. He was shocked, angry, and reproachful, for he evidently contemplated a solitude a deux until he felt disposed to settle down. This existence was not in my programme, and at this moment I made the acquaintance of M. Gaillard, a well known actor, who was staying at the Grand, and who, intrigued by my personality, and interested in my ambitions, gave me a letter of introduction to his friends M. Brasseur, and Madame Michaud, the co-directors of the Nouveautes Theatre.

Neither M. Brasseur nor Madame Michaud wasted their time in compliments. M. Brasseur read his friend's letter, looked me up and down, and told me to take off my clothes, adding that Madame Michaud would act as my chaperon. Useless to blush or to expostulate. In less than five minutes I was in complete deshabille, even my stockings were dispensed with, and I stood with eyes downcast, whilst my employers appraised my points like a couple of horse-dealers.

"Look, Brasseur, at the lines of this girl—isn't that curve of the hip perfection?"

"Ah—par exemple, Michaud, I find the neck and shoulders far more appealing." And, in this manner I passed my examination in beauty, and M. Brasseur decided that he would engage me to appear in his forthcoming production of "Les Puits qui Parlent" (the Speaking Wells)—"she's the very person we want for 'Truth,'" he said. Thus began my career as an actress, and I changed my name from Laurier to that of Debriege, by which I may claim to have achieved both fame and notoriety. "Famous and infamous," I have been called.

As Truth usually resides at the bottom of a well, clothes, except perhaps a bathing dress, are of no consideration to her. But, in deference to the conventions, Truth at the Nouveautes was provided with half a yard of discreet gauze. So everyone was satisfied. The real trouble lay, however, in my voice, since coming from the South, my accent betrayed me, and as it was impossible to admit that Truth only hailed from the Midi, and was not forthcoming in Paris, my dialogue was cut out, and music replaced the missing words.

It has always amused me to think how excessively understanding the ancients were, when they bestowed human attributes on their deities. With them, both love and justice are blind, a wise provision, since love knows neither laws nor justice in its pursuit, and justice is often unseeing where love is concerned. Truth holds a mirror, as truthful or mendacious as the owner pleases; Venus, in the glory of her eternal youth, invariably dispenses with a corsetiere, but Juno, in her matronly wisdom is attended by the peacock, the symbol of woman's vanity throughout the ages.

My poor Edouard was incapable of living up to me as Truth. He therefore sighed, provided for me generously, and returned to Marseilles. He married not long afterwards, and leads a secure and happy life, surrounded by his children. I wonder does he ever give a thought to Albany Debriege?

During rehearsals at the Nouveautes I became friendly with one of the best known personages of the great Credit Lyonnais Bank, whose name was synonymous with millions. He fell madly in love with me, and I decided to accept his attentions. After all, he was quite presentable, and I recognized in it the finger of fate, which most assuredly pointed to a moneyed career, since my husband, my lover and my new friend were all connected with banks. Henri, although a trifle vain-glorious, was generous in his conquests, as experience had taught him that women were created to spend money, and that history would be very dull reading were it not for the part which they have always played in its pageant.

My first present was in the nature of a check for 100,000 francs. I was overwhelmed in a Danae-like shower of jewels, followed by the gift of a magnificent house, carriages and horses as further tokens of Henri's appreciation. I was simply at this time intoxicated with luxury.

I am not attempting to excuse myself to those moralists who condemn the sisterhood of joy, and it is often interesting to analyse the whys and wherefores in one's life. It is impossible, however, to convey any adequate idea of the Paris of my especial day. It has completely vanished; conditions are different, people are different. The half-world then constituted a law unto itself, its denizens were leaders of fashion, and the grace and distinction of many of them often put recognized social leaders completely in the shade.

Certain great courtesans were heartless, vulgar, and cruel, but it must be remembered that the demi-monde must face a lively competition, and men at that time seemed to outvie each other in extravagance. They displayed a spirit of complete tolerance where the vagaries and luxury of their sweethearts were in question.

You must therefore try and imagine a girl of barely seventeen in my position. I never knew a wish which was not instantly gratified. I was superbly healthy, and full of interest in life. Is it therefore surprising that I threw myself heart and soul into the color and admiration with which I was surrounded?

The first night of "Les Puits qui Parlent" was an all-round triumph. In my role as Truth I emerged from my Well, naked and unashamed, to be greeted with a deep-drawn "Oh" from the slightly startled audience, an "Oh" which presently resolved itself into a hurricane of applause, and my banker-admirer was beside himself with pride and gratified vanity that his selection in femininity was approved by "Tout Paris."

I went to bed in the small hours, thoroughly worn out, but judge of my surprise when an early visitor was announced, who was none other than Gerome, the famous painter and sculptor. "I can't see anyone," I said. "I'm far too tired."

"But, with all deference Madame, it is M. Gerome," said my maid, who knew far more about artists than I did.

"What! Madame won't receive me," I next heard. "Of course, she'll receive me," and Gerome entered without ceremony.

"This is an intrusion, Monsieur," I flamed, sitting up in bed and trying to look severe.

"My dear child," replied the great man, "I'm not the least in love with you, I only want your measurements."

"You only want my measurements?" I repeated, hardly able to believe my ears.

"Yes. Listen to me. After last night we have done nothing else but rave about you—why, your figure is perfect. I've told Carolus Duran that I'll wager you against the Venus de Milo. That's why I'm here. Get out of bed this instant and show yourself; you must—it's all in the interests of Art."

I looked at the handsome, enthusiastic sculptor, who seemed very old and fatherly. Then a wave of confusion swept over me when I remembered that I was in bed.

"I can't take off my nightdress. It's positively shocking to ask such a thing," I said.

"Come, don't be so foolish," cried Gerome. "What on earth is the difference between showing yourself nightly to a herd of strangers and posing for a sculptor? Why, I'm modesty itself in comparison with a Parisian audience. Get out of bed like a good girl, and don't put on airs with me."

I have always been bonne camarade. I hesitated no longer, and Gerome measured me up with mathematical precision. When he had duly noted all in his memorandum book, he remarked with a smile, "I've won my wager. Yes, little Albany, you are more perfect than La Milo. Do you know why? Well—she has not arms, and you have two divine ones—" and so saying he kissed my hands, and departed, well satisfied.

Ah! That was the real Bohemian life. The Quartier Latin was then worthy of the name. Today its glory is departed and the artists and sculptors I knew and loved are no more. I never read Trilby without a sigh for the happy, careless life which Du Maurier knew so well, and which has been replaced so inadequately today.

Was I happy at this period? I suppose so. At any rate I was in love with life, and I speedily became the spoilt child of the drawing rooms as well as of the public. Great ladies asked me to their houses, and I usually went every Sunday to the Comtesse d'Argy's in the Rue de Lille, where I sang my artless chansons, and rubbed shoulders with the Comte de Mun—a charming viveur, with the Duke de La Rochefoucauld, so thoroughly conversant with love, with the delightful Comte and Comtesse de Failly, and, amongst other useless and decorative individuals, Boni de Castellane, mincing, and arrogant, entirely absorbed in contemplation of his all-important self.

By now, I had replaced my financier, who, sad to say, bored me to tears, and, as the proprietor of one of the biggest shops in Paris was an agreeable person, I accepted his offer to exchange my residence for one more in keeping with my position, and I incidentally became the friend of the man whose partner has lately left millions to the city of Paris. So, behold me, mistress of a magnificent house—No. 90 Avenue Kleber, where I gave my first receptions, and entertained crowned heads, the best known men in society and the prettiest demi-mondaines. I also received Duchesses, invitations to my soirees being literally begged for by women of the highest character and social standing.

I did not neglect my career as an actress, however, and I appeared in a succession of revues and plays—always in scant attire.

But the house in the Avenue Kleber was unlucky—and here the second man destined to die on my account met his fate. One evening when one of my soirees was at its height and my salons were crowded, a young man, who had pestered me with his declarations of love, entered unannounced, and I saw that he meant trouble for me, or for someone who had incurred his jealousy. I was not mistaken. Without wasting a moment, my unwelcome visitor went up to one of my friends, and struck him across the mouth, saying as he did so:

"You are my rival. I shall kill you."

A terrible scene ensued, and in one moment Tragedy invaded the lovely, glittering rooms. The evening was entirely spoiled, my guests faded away, and I was left wondering what the morrow would bring forth, as I knew that a duel was inevitable.

I was right. The parties met early next morning at Chantilly, in the pleasant freshness of summer, when the foliage is all tender verdure, and when the choir invisible greets the sun. The hot-head young men fought with swords, but as no result was arrived at with these weapons, pistols were taken up, and the challenger fell, mortally wounded, on the grass, which shed tears of dew on his upturned face. For him, there was no return to love or laughter, and never again would woman's beauty trouble his soul.

The news was brought to me by one of the seconds, and in that moment I tasted the first bitterness in the cup of life. A man had died for love of me! The thought poisoned my days, until, like all young creatures, I forgot what had once seemed of vital importance.

But time heals many wounds; I sought distraction in luxury, and my fetes were more splendid than before. One evening, I entertained the guests with an assault at arms, when the famous brothers Breitmeyer gave a display of fencing—an entertainment instantly imitated by fashionable Paris, and I was begged to think of something equally "chic" and interesting. In those days the late King Carlos of Portugal never missed seeing me whenever he came to Paris, and Prince Alexander of Battenberg

Assured That His Wife Was Out of Town, dence. The Man Showed Her About the Hou Opening Various Closets and Showing the Cloth "Inside this—is the gem of the whole collec Wardrobe.

As the Doors Opened Out Stepped an Attra Welcoming Hands, and Greeted Mlle. Debriege "Well—I'm Julie—and you—are Albany.

"Fall of Paris"—

Once Queen of the Petted Butterflies of the Gay French Capital, for Whose Favors Wealthy Profligates Matched Their Fortunes, Whose Beauty of Face and Figure Attracted the Great Sculptors and Painters, Now Forgotten in Her Pitiful Poverty

Mlle. Debriege Visited an Admirer at His Residence, and Finally Reached His Wife's Bedroom, Where Pictures and Personal Belongings of Julie, His Wife, Were Displayed. "He Said as He Opened the Doors of a Large Cupboard, 'Inside This—Is the Gem of the Whole Collection.' At These Words, the Cupboard Doors Opened and Out Stepped an Attractive Young Matron, Who Stretched Out Two Hands to Me Without a Trace of Embarrassment. 'Do let's be friends. Why, aren't you pretty!'"

openly worshipped me, and gave me the most beautiful presents.

Another frequent visitor to my salon was the Prince de Sagan, Boni de Castellane's uncle, philosopher and friend, whose monocle with its moire ribbon and side-tilted hat were familiar alike to Boulevardiers, Smart Society and le monde ou l'on s'amuse.

About this time I became somewhat bored, so I decided to revisit the Midi and other parts of our fair France. As I had never been to Bordeaux I repaired thither, took up my quarters in the best hotel, and amused myself by going to the theatre, which, unlike most provincial ones, was really excellent. As usual, whenever I appeared, all eyes were centered on me, my jewels dazzled, and as my fame as a queen of Paris had preceded me, I was the chief topic at the cafes, restaurants and clubs. One evening when I came into my box at the theatre, I noticed a superb box of chocolates which had been placed on a little table, accompanied by a note, which was remarkably short and to the point. "I am entranced by your beauty. Receive me," pleaded the writer, and when the waiter asked me whether there was any reply, I shrugged my shoulders. "There is no answer," I said, with finality.

My admirer was not so easily disconcerted. He followed my carriage, ascertained the name of my hotel, and literally bombarded me with flowers. At last, wearied and touched by his persistence, I allowed him to make my acquaintance, and found myself confronted with that most consuming passion—the love of a boy of eighteen. Jean Lesnoir was certainly handsome; his eyes were of that curious deep blue ringed with black, and little amber points glittered in them like gold in the depths of a sapphire; he was the only son of a wealthy mother, and he was charming, unspoilt and ardent. His devotion, so entirely different from that with which I was familiar, fascinated me, and I often caught myself wishing that we had met and loved like Paul and Virginia, far away from towns and temptations.

In this manner I played with fire, and I encouraged Jean to take me out and accompany me on my long excursions into the surrounding country. But I invariably discouraged sentiment. Directly Jean began to rhapsodize I coldly reminded him that, after all, he was only a boy. To this he rejoined fiercely: "I was a boy. Now I am a man. How can I fail to be, since your beauty has awakened my love?"

The climax came one night when I had allowed Jean for the first time to smoke a cigarette in my bedroom, whither he had followed me when I went to divest myself of my sable wrap.

"Now," said I, "remember that your visit only lasts out one cigarette—and when you've smoked it, you must say good-night." Then (I know not what evil influence prompted me) I slowly and deliberately unfastened my evening gown and equally deliberately divested myself of my satin jupon, throwing a lace negligee over my disarray. I suppose I meant to drive him to desperation. At any rate, I succeeded only too well. Jean completely lost his self-control, and entreated me to no avail. Finally, realizing that I was obdurate, he faced me.

"Albany," he cried, "if you won't marry me, I'll kill myself."

"Nonsense," I said; "boys who talk such a lot about killing themselves are the last people to do so. Go and kill yourself if you want to. I don't care."

"Do you think I'm joking?" he demanded. "Well—you'll soon see. You've played fast and loose with me for weeks—I tell you I'm a man, not a boy to be laughed at, and trifled with." And he went towards the door.

I relented. For, to be candid, I was drawn towards this impulsive boy. I was young, and doubtless youth called to youth. "Don't be silly," I said, "kiss me, and don't make a fool of yourself."

Jean took me in his arms. He kissed my hair, my eyes and my mouth. My kisses were messengers of promise, had he but read them aright, but his lips touched my flesh like ice. Then he bade me good-night and I dropped off to sleep a trifle disconcerted and apprehensive.

Towards morning I was awakened by a frantic knocking. The intruder on my slumbers was Jean's valet who, without attempting to soften the effect which he knew his news must produce, announced that his young master had attempted to blow out his brains. "But he is still living, Madame," he added, "and his mother begs that you will accompany me to the house, as Monsieur Jean asks for you continually."

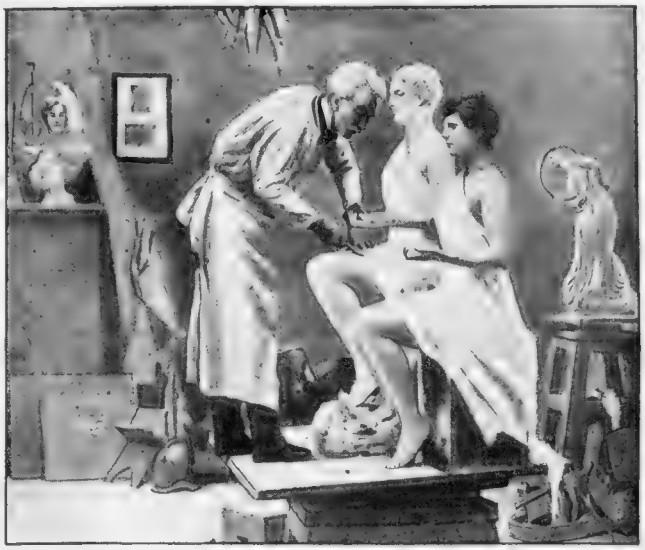
I threw on some clothes, and an all-enveloping fur coat, I never waited to do my hair, but pushed my curls underneath a soft felt hat. I was terrified, and, as the carriage sped through the silent streets, I became absolutely panic-stricken. At last, the vehicle stopped at the porte-cochere of one of the old houses, the home of the Lesnoirs for generations, and I followed the servant through echoing passages, and empty rooms. In one of these—a salon, once gay with gold and white, now dimly lit by the light afforded by three candles in a huge silver candelabra—stood a tall, thin woman, dressed in a plain cambric blouse, and a severe serge skirt. Her face was a frozen mask in which her eyes glowed like live coals. Her mouth was set in sullen lines of despair, and her hands were clasped tightly over a rosary.

"You have brought her then, Stephen?" asked the lady in a perfectly expressionless voice.

The servant nodded, and his mistress addressed herself to me.

"Come and see your work," she said, and lifting the great candelabra, she led the way into the room adjoining.

I followed, like one in a dream. The air of the room in which I found myself was heavy with the smell of ether and iodoform: a wood fire was burning on the wide hearth, and I discerned a bed, upon which lay something—for all the world like a mummy, with its head swathed entirely in dressings.



The Distinguished Sculptor and Painter, Gerome, at Work in His Studio, Where Mlle. Debriege Sat as His Model.

All at once the mass of white became alive, and two agonized blue eyes looked into mine. Their expression of agony quickly changed to one of happiness, and a voice, from almost beyond the grave, said:

"Albany!"

I ran forward and knelt beside the bed. My tears were falling fast on the poor hand which sought and clasped mine, and again that far-away voice whispered

"Albany, I couldn't die until I had seen you, but I am happy since you will close my eyes. Oh, how I love you. I shall love you after I am dead, and my love will burn my shroud and rise like incense from my grave."

"You will not die," I said.

His eyes smiled. (He had hardly a vestige of face left). "Take me in your arms," he said, "for my time is very short."

I held his maimed head on my breast, I pressed my lips on the unyielding lint; the mother stood apart—Jean had forgotten her in the supreme moment of passing. His eyes gradually closed—he sighed—his grasp relaxed—he was dead.

Number Three of the men who were destined to die on my account.

I laid him back on his pillows, and rose, to be confronted with a tigress in human form. Madame Lesnoir was transfigured with rage.

"Go!" she hissed. "Your place is no longer here. He was my only son."

Mlle. Debriege in the Part of "Truth" in the French Operette, "The Speaking Walls." She Is Shown at the Bottom of the Well

And, speechless before this flood of grief and anger, I hurried out of the dead chamber, through the empty rooms, down the staircase, out into the deserted street. Hardly knowing, or caring where I went, I chanced at last upon a cab, and regained my hotel. As I entered my bedroom, I noticed a tiny stump of a burnt-out cigarette, lying on the mantelpiece. It was Jean's, and, pressing the little piece of ash and paper to my lips, I threw myself on my bed, and wept for the boy who had loved me.

Jean was buried two days afterwards. I sent a great wreath of myosotis and tea-roses—but I remained anonymous. The same evening I returned to Paris. Bordeaux had become inexpressibly hateful to me.

Fortunately, for my peace of mind, I had many distractions in Paris, and at this time I inspired a well-known Deputy with a consuming interest. This gentleman was rich enough to be useful in any woman's life, and although he was married to an attractive woman, he was generous in his affections, his heart, like that of George Sand, being a veritable Necropolis.

Deceived by and disappointed in her husband, Madame Z. accepted the situation philosophically, and showed herself an unusually broad-minded woman. She paid no heed to her husband's affairs, but as he insisted upon advertising his acquaintance with me, Madame at last displayed some curiosity.

"Well—mon cher," she remarked. "So Debriege is the love of the moment. Please accept my congratulations—she's quite beautiful. In fact I'd like to meet her myself."

This remarkable statement amused Z. He decided to put his wife's sincerity to the test, and, at the same time, observe how I stood up under the ordeal. He therefore one day proposed that I should go with him and look over his apartment in the Avenue des Champs Elysees, a proposal which I refused.

"Why," I said crossly. "It isn't done; how dare you ask me to go to your home. It's a needless insult to your wife."

"She won't know anything about it," he answered, "Julie's in the country, and the servants are on holiday. Do come, Albany."

I wanted 400,000 francs rather urgently at this time, as I had seen a lovely house in the Rue Galilee which I wished to acquire, and I felt that it was hardly the moment to refuse. We therefore drove to the apartment, and my admirer showed me his wife's rooms, even going so far as to unfasten the great wardrobes and presses which contained her gowns, laces and lingerie.

I admired the absent Julie's taste and chic, and he, plainly gratified, showed me a large wall-cupboard saying as he did so.

"Inside this—is the gem of the whole collection." At these words, the cupboard doors opened and out stepped an attractive young mat-

Continued on Page 23

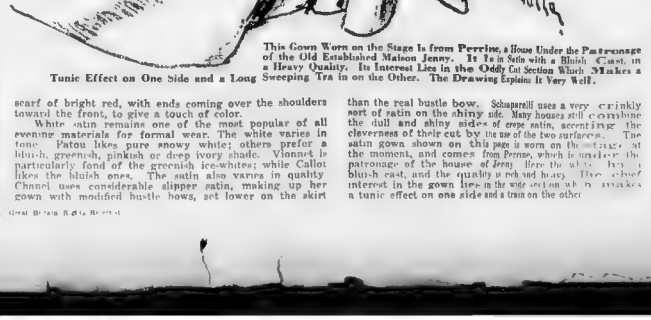
White Evening Gowns

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

Mirande Calls This Evening Ensemble "La Dame Blanche." It Illustrates the Continued Vogue for the Tulle Evening Jacket. It Is Cut Like a Wide Scarf, the Ends Formed Into Sleeves. As Perfect for the Material Is One of the New Very Dull Surfaced Crepes in White. The Tulle Jacket Is Entirely Covered With a Close Pattern of White Crystal Beads. The Frock, of the Crepe, Is Simple in Form, but Interesting in Cut. The Bead Motif Is Taken From Is Obtained by Expert Cutting, and the Second Encrustation Is Knotted in Back Folds at the Waist. The Shoulder Straps, Which Do Not Show in the Drawing, Are Twisted As Mirande Likes to Make Them.

This Gown from Lanvin Is Particularly Lovely. It Is in White Georgette, with Little Cap Sleeves Finished with a Circular Frill Covered with Tiny Sequins in Silver. The Belt Is Also of Sequins. In the Back, Is the Long Sling Drape Which Lanvin Is Using.

On the Left—The Upper Part of the Gown, by Worth, Is Closely Fitted to the Figure and Is Made of the Transparent Velvet, All Except the Yoke Which Is of Tulle Embroidered in Silvery Tubes and Beads. The Rather Wide Belt Is Dotted with Strass. The Bead Embroidery Continues Down One Side of the Bodice to Lose Itself in the Beaded Mounting of the Deep Tulle Ruffle.



This Gown Worn on the Stage Is from Perrine, a House Under the Patronage of the Old Established Maison Jenny. It Is in Satin with a Bluish Cast, in a Heavy Quality. Its Interest Lies in the Oddly Cut Section Which Makes a Tunic Effect on One Side and a Long Sweeping Tra in on the Other. The Drawing Explains It Very Well.

PARIS, Feb 5

SILK [illegible] and dressmakers tell us that the [illegible] will take the place of white in [illegible]. But white never will dressed women [illegible] white gowns are still in the [illegible] the temptation of the delicious faint [illegible] found in the new economy [illegible] white gown one may wear any evening coat, and [illegible] of [illegible], whereas a color demands special [illegible] bag and gloves to complete it, with a different set for each gown.

Most [illegible] the evening gown is worn with a [illegible] but [illegible] quite good to complete it. It is rare [illegible] [illegible] dress [illegible] without the shoulder [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Enjoy the delicious coffee whose flavor has been famous among coffee lovers for over 66 years. Once you have used Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee, no other coffee will satisfy you.

Its flavor is protected *by* FRESH FOOD *delivery system*

You make sure your vegetables, milk and eggs are absolutely fresh! Be just as sure about your coffee. Use Chase & Sanborn's . . . Its *freshness* is guaranteed by the delivery date on each can.

Coffee delivered like a FRESH FOOD —because it is a Fresh Food

YES, coffee is a *fresh food.* Scientists now say that coffee, like cream or butter, is subject to rancidity. This rancidity develops in days, not months, after roasting.

Chase & Sanborn's comes to you always fresh, at the peak of its flavor—guaranteed against staleness. To insure perfect freshness, this coffee is rushed to your grocer by the same nation-wide delivery system which delivers Fleischmann's Yeast daily.

Every can is dated with the day it is delivered. You can't buy a can of Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee which has been on your grocer's shelf more than ten days. Here is the explanation which science now offers of the *need* for this precaution: In every pound of coffee there is about half a cup of delicate oil, scientists explain. *Fresh,* this oil carries the delicious flavor and aroma which make coffee such a wonderful drink. *Stale,* it grows rancid—is often the cause of indigestion, headaches, nervousness, sleeplessness. Naturally, this rancid oil also affects the flavor and aroma of the coffee.

For *guaranteed* freshness, buy Chase & Sanborn's DATED Coffee—today.

• • •

Enjoy the precious flavor and aroma famous among coffee lovers for 66 years. Once you have used Chase & Sanborn's, no other coffee will satisfy you.

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TO GUARANTEE FRESHNESS, EVERY CAN OF CHASE & SANBORN'S COFFEE IS DATED THE DAY YOUR GROCER RECEIVES IT

The Spanish Lady

B F[illegible] A[illegible] K[illegible]mmer

An Ancient Portrait Weaves an Evil Spell

"I'll call on your stepfather, your mother, tomorrow," Richard Laughed, "and ask them for your hand."

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

MALVIN HAWLEY an [illegible] the back of whose head is [illegible] he had just told me and not because it was the right, the honest thing to do? Otherwise, why had I not sought out Sir Evelyn Denbeigh, made a clean breast of the matter, before? For an instant, in my horror, I [illegible] thought of pretending ignorance of the whole matter, but in a flash the figure of Purvis, the butler [illegible]

(Continued on Page 22)

LUX

won't fade colors
won't shrink
woolens

*First, measure the sweater—then make lukewarm Lux suds and press them gently through [illegible] rub the least bit. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters, pat flat on a board to dry, shaping to the measurements you made at first.

This easy way preserves the [illegible] leaves your sweater soft, perfect in fit—like new! Ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips—often contain harmful alkali which shrinks wool and fades colors, too. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone *is just as safe in Lux!*

CHAPTER X.

A Terrible Predicament.

THE interview with my stepfather left me in a most undecided frame of mind. I paced up and down my room for some minutes.

At first I thought of sending Mr. Tennant a note, telling him he had better not come, but I soon saw the futility of that. Suppose I did put him off with some trivial excuse tonight? He would insist on coming tomorrow, or the day after. And, to tell the truth, I did not want to put him off. I wanted to see him. I had been looking forward to seeing him ever since he left, and the fact that only a few hours had passed since then, how I had begun to feel about this young man—how continually he was in my mind. Yes, I wanted to see him—I was determined to see him, and since I preferred not to do so in the house, because of what Mr. Hawley might say to him, I decided to meet him outside.

I had put on a smart little dinner gown, in anticipation of his coming—a wisp of grey and silver chiffon I had picked up in Paris, and I knew I looked very well in it, but I took it off, along with my cobwebby grey stockings and silver slippers. A suit of [illegible] might not be so becoming, but rather more suitable, for what I had in mind. Mr. Tennant could drive over after dinner. There was no need to present my joining.

Mr. Hawley gave me a sharp look when I came down to dinner, but said nothing. Sylvia, too, was in an unusual humor for her. As a result, our meal passed with all the affinity of a funeral. The room was so still that I actually found myself counting the number of times Purvis' boots creaked at each corner of the table. At last, Sylvia, unable to endure it any longer, spoke.

"Why," she chirped, "don't you think it would be nice to have Purvis open a bottle of champagne, so we can drink to the new Lord of the Manor?"

It was not a happy suggestion. Mr. Hawley gave her a savage glare. He hadn't told Purvis, yet, that he had bought the place, and I fancy he had some reason for not taking the butler into his confidence.

"Don't be a fool!" he muttered, upsetting a glass of water into his custard pudding.

A dreadful dinner! When it was over, I hurried from the room. My watch marked half-past eight, but I knew it was three or four minutes fast.

I felt sure that Richard—I'd already come to think of him by his Christian name—would be as eager to see me as I was to see him, and would therefore be on time. So I hurried down the yew-bordered driveway toward the gate, anxious to reach it before he turned in from the main road. The air was cold and wonderfully clear; the moon seemed a disc of white silver set in blue steel. There was not a sound, except the rustle of dead leaves as they scurried over the gravel before the keen night breeze; its penetrating chill made me glad that I had slipped on a heavy fur-trimmed coat.

Just as I reached the main gate I heard the throb of a motor, saw someone drive up. It was Mr. Tennant, of course. I stepped to the side of the car.

"Don't you want to take me for a drive?" I said.

"Rather. But—" he looked at me, puzzled, "did I keep you thinking of Mr. Hawley—your stepfather?"

I climbed into the seat beside him.

"Better not see him tonight," I said.

"Oh—all right. Tomorrow, perhaps?"

"Not tomorrow, either. Suppose we drive on, and I'll try to explain." So we started out. And then, what with the bright moon overhead, and the keen air in my face, and Mr. Tennant's warm shoulder against mine, I could find no words to tell him anything, ashamed not about such dull matters as pictures, and ill-natured stepfather- and the like.

Presently, when we had left the village and were rushing along a streak of road, white as silver against the green-black fields, Mr. Tennant spoke again.

"It wasn't just copying the picture I cared so much about," he whispered.

"What, then?" I asked, shamelessly hopeful.

"Why—seeing you, day after day, of course."

Well—I'd made him say that much, at any rate. And then I remembered that he couldn't come any more, not for two weeks, at least, by which time his vacation would probably be over. How impossible a thing to explain. It wasn't the matter of the picture alone—Mr. Hawley didn't want Mr. Tennant to come to the house at all, until he had found the emeralds. To lie, make some excuse, seemed the only way out of it, and I hate lying. It's usually so useless, so stupid.

"I'll chuck the portrait idea altogether," Mr. Tennant went on, "if your stepfather wants me to. But that needn't prevent me from coming to see you, need it?" He gave me an eager smile, his lips very close to mine.

"I—I'm afraid so," I said, hastily, hoping he was going to kiss me.

"Then you don't want me to come?" he said, drawing back.

"I'm afraid I cursed Mr. Hawley in my heart for placing me in such a ridiculous and impossible situation. What could I say? That my stepfather didn't care to have him hanging about, because he might interfere with the stealing of the Denbeigh jewels?

"Of course I do, Mr. Tennant," I assured him. "But my stepfather is a very peculiar man—very peculiar and unreasonable. He takes the queerest notions. One of them is that he doesn't want you to call at the Manor right now. I can't help his feeling that way. I wish I could."

Mr. Tennant was silent quite a while—silent and very thoughtful. When he again spoke I detected a new note in his voice.

"Your stepfather is quite right," he said at length. "He [illegible] appears to be some [illegible] scraping an acquaintance with his daughter because of his wealth. I don't blame him in the least. That's the trouble, isn't it?"

I didn't answer him. That was not the trouble at all, and I couldn't tell him what the real trouble was. Perhaps he thought my silence meant agreement for his face suddenly lit up.

"Really, Miss Mason," he chuckled, "I shouldn't laugh at the old boy, but it's such a ripping good joke on him, if you get what I mean. Still, I suppose you couldn't very well understand."

I sat up, my heart in my boots. "What is such a good joke?" I questioned.

"Why—the way I've taken you all in. I really shouldn't have done it."

"Done what?" I went on, without the least idea of what he meant.

"Miss Mason," he said gravely "I have a confession to make. I've lied to you, deceived you, and I regret it with all my heart. I am an artist—not a very good one, I'm afraid, but still an artist. And my name is Richard Tennant. At least that's part of it. But not all. I was christened Evelyn Richard Tennant St. John Denbeigh."

I collapsed in my seat, shivering. In those first few stupefying moments I could not quite grasp the full, the dreadful meaning of what I had heard. Mr. Tennant—I suppose I should call him Sir Evelyn from now on—was gazing down at me with a flare of laughter in his eyes. I thanked Heaven he could not see the anguish in mine!

How I kept from crying out, I don't know. The thing was too impossibly ghastly for belief! Mr. Hawley, my mother, even I, myself, although against my wishes, conspiring to defraud Sir Evelyn Denbeigh out of a fortune in jewels was bad enough! And now to discover that I—victim of this shady transaction, the person we were planning to rob, was of all others, the man I had come to love! To one gasping breath I knew that I loved him! I knew the joy along with the horror of it. I fought to hide my feelings, tried desperately to think, but I could find no words, although I realized [illegible] was waiting to [illegible] about [illegible] I knew that I should warn him, tell him the truth, before it was too late to tell him anything at all—but I was cowed, that I was. I did not dare. Not that I believed Mr. Hawley [illegible] just then on my notes [illegible] would have [illegible] to have acted on her. But on my own. I knew what was going on—had known, from the very time the square of linen was found—and I had told nothing! I had told Mr. Tennant—it Mr. Hawley did not wish him to call—and had at the same time hinted him the reason—the real reason, for that wish—that my stepfather desired seclusion, the better to search for the hidden jewels! I had compounded the felony—was an accessory, with guilty knowledge of the fact, and guiltless as I knew myself to be, I was afraid to throw myself on this man's mercy. What would he think—what could he think, except that I had confessed because of what

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CLEAR THE POISONS FROM YOUR BODY . . . STOP FEELING HALF-ALIVE—

ARE you one of the people who lets everybody else get the joy out of life while you just drag around? Then find out today about Sal Hepatica.

Get rid of the poisons clogging your system, and get a new view on things! Nobody feels right unless he's *internally clean.*

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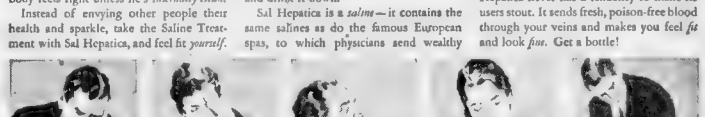
Today—get a bottle of Sal Hepatica. Tomorrow morning stir a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of fresh water—and drink it down.

Sal Hepatica is a *saline*—it contains the same salines as do the famous European spas, to which physicians send wealthy patients to regain their vitality and health.

Sal Hepatica does much more than ordinary laxatives. *It sweeps poisons from the blood stream.* It tones up the whole system. It checks headaches, colds, digestive disorders, complexion blemishes, rheumatism. Sal Hepatica never has a tendency to make its users stout. It sends fresh, poison-free blood through your veins and makes you feel *fit* and look *fine.* Get a bottle!



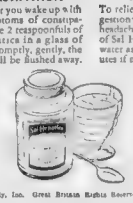
CONSTIPATION
Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.

HEADACHE
To relieve the intestinal congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.

COLDS
The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION
To keep the blood stream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.

RHEUMATISM
As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.



SAL HEPATICA 30¢ 60¢ $1.20

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Are you listenin'— to the mentions being made of the essential part *natural* moisture plays in enriching that freshness with *flavor?*

Are you listenin' — to the promptings of your own good taste and intelligence to *try* Camels — if you're one of those who haven't done that?

Are you listenin'— to the friendly, restful, entertaining Camel Quarter Hour on the Columbia Network evenings, when Morton Downey and Tony Wons sing and speak to you, and Jacques Renard and his Orchestra play you mellow music?

Well! that's just fine! — you needn't worry about your cigarettes or your throat or your enjoyment or anything. You're fixed up already — beautifully!

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Camel Humidor Pack

Smoke a fresh cigarette

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This Way to Happiness

By Muriel Greig

Janice Lowered Her Eyes Quickly. She Thought, "He's very wonderful." Before She Remembered She Disliked and Distrusted Handsome Men.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

JANICE [illegible] the [illegible] knew [illegible] in the [illegible] Greig [illegible] head [illegible] a short [illegible] romance [illegible] was [illegible] in a separate [illegible] type [illegible]

She [illegible] Lance [illegible] and [illegible] years in the [illegible]

CHAPTER V.

A Disturbing Influence.

HE [illegible] was pretty, but he disliked [illegible] type of prettiness. He wondered [illegible] would be in love with [illegible] He [illegible] felt [illegible] long [illegible] that [illegible] but [illegible] married [illegible] wife [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible] with us. Noel Henderson [illegible] just arrived from [illegible] I was telling you a [illegible] been through a lot of trouble together. He's going to [illegible] of our witnesses [illegible]

"Is he?" said Janice. She thought, "I can't believe it's tomorrow. It's [illegible] Tomorrow [illegible] Lance Sanford [illegible] would have [illegible] could possibly spend. The thought seemed fantastic.

Lance was [illegible] saying, "Why, now [illegible] glanced up [illegible] thumping Lance on the back and shaking his hand. He [illegible] as bronzed as Lance [illegible] strikingly handsome face, clear eyes, the brow low and broad, the chin slightly aggressive. He was taller, very clean cut, like mountain [illegible]

For some odd reason, Janice caught her breath. She bowed her eyes quickly. She thought, "He's very wonderful." Before she had time to reason [illegible] liked and distrusted handsome men.

Lance introduced them. He was so obviously proud of Janice. It showed in his mouth and his eyes, in his voice. Noel Henderson thought, "The poor girl's fallen completely. What's the girl's name?"

"Isn't some little good egg [illegible]" He looked at Janice [illegible] as he sat down beside them. He [illegible] in the dining [illegible] saw Lance break through the door. But Lance [illegible] of quiet, a real [illegible] Lance [illegible] at the [illegible] through [illegible] and. He turned [illegible] and looked in [illegible] It dawned [illegible] to see [illegible] then she saw it was Lance, but his friend, Noel Henderson.

The dream [illegible] and she awoke. It [illegible] where [illegible] [illegible] dawn was [illegible] grey. She [illegible] and [illegible] in a cold [illegible] "But I hate [illegible]

She lay there shivering until it was time to get up.

Her Goddess, her best friend [illegible] to help her [illegible] Though why I should need help on my wedding morning, when I've [illegible] myself almost every two [illegible] years, [illegible] laughed. Yet, it was nice to be fussed over, being treated like a heroine [illegible] from the pages of some grand romance. The ceremony was to take place at eleven-thirty. They [illegible] Fay was coming back [illegible] up the minute [illegible] afterwards, and talk [illegible] after him while Janice [illegible]

They [illegible] together, sitting cross-legged on the floor. A [illegible] sunlit morning. "I'm dying to see the bridegroom [illegible]," Fay said confidently.

Janice flushed slightly, almost guiltily. He isn't handsome," her heart [illegible]

Out loud [illegible] was saying, "Pay [illegible] as a [illegible] piece of bread into the [illegible]

Janice nodded. "Yes, he's attractive."

And he was [illegible] practive, she assured herself [illegible]. Of course he was.

Restless [illegible], he sprang up to [illegible] Fay what [illegible] she hadn't already packed. Wispy things of chiffon you could have pulled through a marriage ring; shining crepe things with hand stitched embroidery, a riot of soft pastel shades. Then, incredibly soon, it was time to get ready. Janice talked quickly and laughed a lot as she did so. She'd had no idea she'd be so childishly nervous. She had decided to be married in a crepe suit, softly green like the tiny, half opened buds on the trees in the square. Her only [illegible] but very [illegible] too, touched with grey. The grey of her eyes.

[illegible] had ordered a car to call for them. Mr. Sanford, the [illegible] Mr. [illegible] family of fried fish, came to shake Janice's hand and weep on her shoulder.

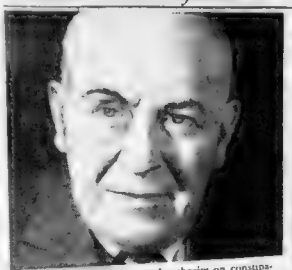
"I couldn't feel more touched if you were going to your fur rail," she sobbed.

Janice turned back a moment to peep into her room before finally closing the door. She looked around at the cheerful cretonne covers she'd made herself [illegible] conscious of that hostility in his glance.

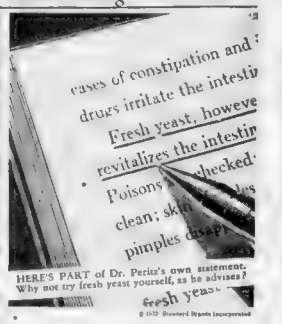
[illegible] and I went inside. To Janice it seemed as though all the [illegible] and happiness had been left outside. Everything in here had a curiously unreal quality. The short ceremony, so prosy and unromantic; Lance slipping a thin platinum ring on to her finger. Afterwards, when she looked back on that incredible ceremony, she was chiefly con-

(Continued on Page 21)

Famous Berlin Physician Advises Eating Fresh Yeast



DR. GEORG PERITZ, noted authority on constipation, says: "I have prescribed fresh yeast for many years."



HERE'S PART of Dr. Peritz's own statement. Why not try fresh yeast yourself, as he advises? fresh yeas

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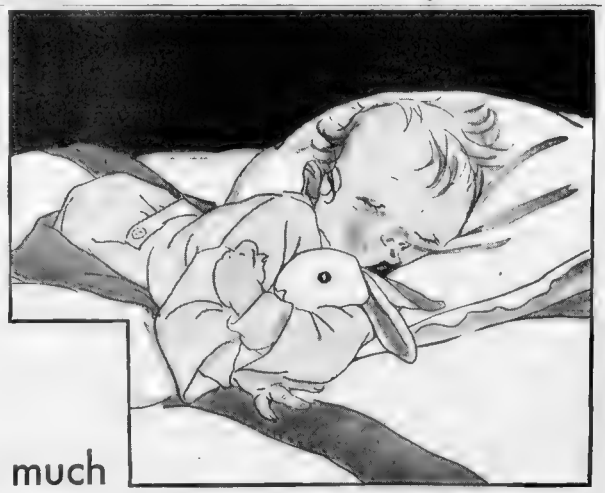

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Ask for **Ben-Gay**
The Original Baume Bengue

[illegible] Henderson, [illegible]

Lance kissed her [illegible]. The warmth of his kiss [illegible] her quick, [illegible] thought. [illegible] the auto [illegible] uptown to the [illegible]. [illegible] sitting in his [illegible] hand, the [illegible] from [illegible] with the pride of possession. Look at the beautiful young girl who is mine, all mine [illegible] seemed to say. And [illegible] wanted to [illegible] of the [illegible] shout it to each passing [illegible].

The girls from the [illegible] dressed in their best Sp[illegible] were waiting at the hotel [illegible] helped Janice [illegible] ring, and the wonderful [illegible] bracelet [illegible] and [illegible] wedding gift. They [illegible] about [illegible] little [illegible] real appreciation. And [illegible] had proved [illegible] genuine [illegible] Then on the [illegible] elevator to the private [illegible] room, Noel turned to her and quietly, "It's a very beautiful [illegible], Mrs. Saunders. You like diamonds, don't you?"

No [illegible] no, [illegible] yet Janice felt [illegible] deftly struck her across the face. Her cheeks burnt. Although he had said, "You like diamonds, don't you, and that's why you married [illegible]" she answered, "Yes, I do [illegible] and emeralds are my favorite stones."

A moment's tension, then he laughed and said, "When I meet a girl who [illegible]

[illegible]

The situation was saved. But Janice's face still burnt. She was trembling slightly.

A marvelous lunch. Course upon course, each a [illegible] with flowers, sweetly [illegible] on long slender stems, hothouse rosebuds, stately carnations. By each girl's place was a delightful corsage of mauve orchids. Janice's bouquet was white, [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] supported each other [illegible] obviously they were enjoying every moment of it. Yet Janice couldn't join in the fun. She felt queerly remote. As though all this couldn't possibly be happening [illegible]

[illegible] happy. Of [illegible] What more could you want?

Speeches followed. Noel proposed the health of the bride and groom. His speech was all that such a speech should be. Yet Janice found herself fighting an awful impulse to cry to him to [illegible] to her in flattering [illegible] sensed a cruel mockery beneath his words. Time and again she tried to tell herself this was ridiculous. Why should he dislike her?

A bedroom had been set aside for the [illegible] [illegible] wandered out on to the minute balcony and stood there by herself, her elbows on the railing, gazing down over Central Park. She didn't know how long she continued to stand there, but presently she heard voices in the room.

"Can you beat it?" said the voice of the little red-haired typist. "And she told us he was handsome! Gosh, I nearly fell through the earth when I saw him."

"Now if it had been Mr. Henderson it would have been something like," said another voice [illegible]

[illegible] "He's... he's a much [illegible] fellow and..." He paused again. This time he avoided meeting her eyes.

"Yes?" prompted Janice again, very quietly.

Noel [illegible]

[illegible]

Another pause. Painful, this one. Janice's eyes were cold, like the first glimmer of a grey cold dawn. "Why don't you think he'll be happy with me?"

[illegible]

"Of course, I'm not saying for one moment he won't be happy, Mrs. Saunders..."

"No, not actually saying it," Janice put in [illegible]

"Not implying [illegible] Noel [illegible] going to [illegible]

He had said more than [illegible] tended to. Much more. Janice stared at him, and once again her cheeks flamed [illegible]

She drew herself back, an [illegible] "What do you mean?" she whispered.

"Nothing, nothing," he said hastily, half apologetically. "Only sometimes young girls are thoughtless of an older man's feeling [illegible]

[illegible] Janice [illegible] hurt [illegible] many other men had hurt her. Yet even more than Noel Wilburn had hurt her, [illegible] over a year ago [illegible] Noel [illegible] Why [illegible] have the power to hurt [illegible]

She thought, "He [illegible] little [illegible] He think I'm going to get all I can out of Lance and give him nothing in return. He's practically accused me of being a gold digger!"

Lance [illegible] Janice [illegible] her arm and [illegible] her [illegible] there [illegible] The [illegible] followed [illegible] and threw [illegible] confetti. [illegible] how [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] beyond the [illegible] and [illegible] Lance, too, was [illegible] [illegible] but it seemed to [illegible] the [illegible] him [illegible] He laughed [illegible] burst [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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By morning most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

The Spanish Lady

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

(Continued from Page 18)

Lady's tomb? I was trapped—utterly, hopelessly trapped. A word from Purvis, and the man I loved would turn from me in contempt.

At last, out of all this welter of thoughts came my clear duty. I would tell Sir Evelyn the truth, no matter what it cost. He might not love me. I had no real reason to suppose that he did—but I would at least retain his respect. Even now, a word from me might afford him opportunity to upset the sale his agent had arranged, before Mr. Hawley succeeded in laying hands on the jewels. I opened my lips to speak, but Sir Evelyn forestalled me.

He had seen the suffering in my face, the anger inspired by my stepfather's contemptible plot, and misunderstood it. He supposed that anger to be directed against himself!

"Miss Mason," he whispered, taking one of my hands. "Marian! You are furious, of course. And I don't blame you. It was a cheap thing to do—to come to you, pretending I was someone else. I'm sorry—terribly sorry. The whole affair was quite unintentional—a silly joke. You see, I'd been ill—got a touch of malaria in Rome—and my doctor advised sea air. When I reached London, my agent, Cobb, told me he had an opportunity to sell the place. I hadn't seen it since I was a youngster, so I thought I'd run down for a few days, get a breath of salt air and at the same time take a last look at the Manor. Which is how I happened to be sitting on the sea-wall that morning. I ought to have told you, then and there, who I was, but—well—it seemed a harmless deception, and I thought, as soon as I saw you, that it would be nice if you were to like me just for myself, and not because I happened to be your landlord, with a stupid title to my name. You see what I mean—to like me as a man—a poor man—which after all I am —too poor in fact to keep up Yew Manor. It's all I have—that's why I'm selling it. You'll forgive me, won't you, for sailing under false colors? I'm confessing, you see, before the matter goes any further, because I think far too much of you to have the least shadow of anything like deception between us."

"Oh!" I gasped. "Don't! Please don't!" Every word he said made my own position worse. A poor man! Selling his ancestral home because it was all he had—and my stepfather planning to rob him of jewels worth a million! Confessing his innocent little masquerade so that he might meet me with a clean conscience, while my own was burdened with this dreadful, this outrageous secret! His words seemed to burn me like fire, to intensify a thousand-fold the shame of my own position. I could find no fault with him, for allowing me to suppose him a struggling artist. Heaven knows I would never have had the courage to fall in love with him, had I known the truth. But how could I meet his frankness with equal frankness on my own part—how tell him what I felt I must tell him, and still keep his respect? Could I, indeed, hope to keep it, once the wretched business, in all its ugly and sordid details, was laid before him? How could he do anything but turn from me and my family in disgust?

Then an even more terrifying thought entered my mind. Suppose he had fallen in love with me! Suppose he were actually to propose! In that case, a confession on my part, should I accept him, would be equivalent to saying that I was quite ready to assist in defrauding a stranger, but not the man I loved! The man I expected to marry. I could get the jewels for myself, then, instead of allowing my stepfather to steal them! They would be the property of my husband! Could anything be more terrible?

The thought almost drove me frantic. I felt that I must speak, now, before it was too late! Before I was branded as a cheap crook!

"Richard!" I gasped, my thoughts racing wildly. "There is something I must tell you. My stepfather——"

I got no further. Perhaps the agony in my face was too apparent. Perhaps my use of his Christian name spurred him on. Before I could blurt out another word of my wretched confession he had swept me into his arms.

"Oh—my dear, my sweetheart," he murmured, staring down at me with anxious eyes. "Don't you see that I love you?"

The tears which had gathered in my eyes froze, as an icy horror gripped me. I could not accept him, now—could not admit my love for him, even though my heart was breaking. In every direction disaster loomed. I was in a trap, from which I saw no possibility of escape. Lying there in his arms, yearning in every fibre to tell him I adored him, I shuddered with fear.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Hawley Searches.

WHEN Richard—even yet I could not think of him as Sir Evelyn Denbeigh—took me in his arms so suddenly and declared he loved me, I was speechless with horror and grief.

And yet, I wanted his love. Desperately. I longed to tell him, with every terrified beat of my heart, that I adored him, and had, from the moment we first met. And between us lay the shameful secret of the emeralds, and of my stepfather's real reason for buying Yew Manor.

I make no effort to excuse myself. I should have told Richard the truth, then and there—have warned him that, in selling the place to Mr. Hawley, he was in danger of losing an enormously valuable inheritance. But I did not. I couldn't. My impulse had been right, but he had declared his love for me so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that my opportunity had vanished. Now, with his arms about me, the sweetness of his kisses on my lips, I was silent, physically unable to force myself to speak, to say to him, "Wait a moment, Richard. My stepfather, my mother are plotting to defraud you of property worth a million dollars! I have known of their plan from the first, but only now, when I realize that you are Sir Evelyn Denbeigh, and that I am going to marry you, have I decided to speak of it, in order to keep the jewels for myself!"

Perhaps it was cowardly, but I do not think so, for all the while I lay there in Richard's arms, happy in the knowledge of his love, I was planning, as soon as I got home, to write him a letter, telling him the exact truth. It might be too late; I knew that Mr. Hawley had already bought the property, but I hoped that Richard would find a way to upset the disgraceful transaction.

And just then, he said something that swept all my letter-writing plans out of my head. Something I had not even considered.

"I'll call on your stepfather, your mother, tomorrow," Richard laughed, "and ask them for your hand in the usual and accepted manner laid down in all the books of etiquette. I hope they won't hold my title against me."

I saw at once the dreadful situation this would bring about! What Mr. Hawley would say and do, when he realized that I was planning to marry the very man he was planning to defraud, paralyzed my imagination. In his sudden rage and fear he might even resort to physical violence.

"You—you mustn't do that!" I gasped.

"Why not?" Richard stared at me in surprise.

It was then that I began to speak, plunging in blindly, with only the vaguest notion of what I was going to say.

"Richard," I gasped, "there—there is something I must tell you —something I should have told you before. My stepfather bough' Yew Manor because he believes there are jewels—emeralds—of tremendous value hidden somewhere in the house. If he finds—keeps them—it will be a disgraceful fraud upon you. I begged him not to do it—begged him do tell Sir Evelyn Denbeigh about the matter—from the start. Don't you see, as soon as he realizes that you are Sir Evelyn—"

I hesitated—stopped. Richard was looking at me as though he thought me more than a little weak minded.

"I really don't see what the fact of my being Sir Evelyn Denbeigh has to do with the matter," he said coldly. "These stories of hidden treasure have been public gossip for hundreds of years. I hope you don't mean to say that your stepfather believes them. I should be sorry to think he bought the place with any such ideas in mind. Certainly I never did anything to encourage him—"

"But," I interrupted, bewildered, "if he finds the emeralds, don't you understand—?"

"It's really too absurd to discuss!" Richard exclaimed, and I saw that he was annoyed. "From what my man Cobb tells me, your stepfather likes the place and wants it for a home. After all, he isn't paying a bit more for the property than it's worth. I shall see him, of course—tell him that I have asked you to marry me. If he objects, I'll be sorry, but that shan't prevent me from marrying you anyway, if you're willing." He again swept me into his arms and stopped any further explanations on my part with kisses. But, just the same, I decided that as soon as I got home, I would write to him as I had planned, and tell him about the piece of linen, the message embroidered upon it. That, after all, might put the matter of the emeralds in a very different light.

When we reached the Manor, Richard left me at the door. It was late, and I didn't ask him to come in. I wanted to be alone, to think, to plan the letter I meant to write him, and which letter, since it could not be posted that night, I decided to send over to the Inn by one of the servants in the morning. I wanted him to get it, before he called upon Mr. Hawley. Perhaps, then, he would decide not to come at all.

My night was a wretched one. The effort of writing the letter, of putting down in black and white all the despicable details of my stepfather's plot, upset me and I could not sleep. Not soundly, at least, I seemed to see nothing but the Spanish Lady's grave, filled to the brim, in my dreams, with tons and tons of glittering green emeralds. Along toward dawn, something awakened me. At first I could not quite decide what it was, but as my brain became clearer, I realized that my slumbers had been broken by a sharp, constantly-recurring sound, as though someone were hammering against the wall of the house.

It seemed to come from a point beneath my open bedroom window. I looked out. There was a soft light creeping over the ocean, the pearl-grey flush of early dawn, and glancing down I saw that the iron door of the crypt beneath the west wing was open. I could distinguish this the more clearly because the oblong frame of the door was illuminated by a yellow light, as though someone was inside, with a lantern.

From the crypt came the regularly-recurring sounds of which I speak. The explanation seemed simple enough. Mr. Hawley was down there, no doubt cutting an opening in the stonework of the tomb in order, I supposed, to insert a crowbar beneath the edge of the marble slab, and thus raise it, and uncover the Spanish Lady's bones.

The noise was quite faint, and had awakened me only by reason of its persistence, just as one may be aroused by the regular chirping of a cricket. There was nothing surprising in the fact that Mr. Hawley had begun his treasure hunting, but what did surprise me was to see our butler, Purvis, crouched at one side of the doorway, watching, unseen, what was going on inside. Was he, too, after the emeralds?

Presently the sounds inside the crypt ceased, and a few moments later the lantern went out and my stepfather's figure appeared in the doorway. Purvis had vanished around the corner of the house. Mr. Hawley came in through one of the French windows of the morning room, having first carefully locked the iron door of the crypt. After that I heard and saw nothing more. When, hours later, I came down to breakfast, I found myself alone. Purvis, calm and self-possessed as ever, informed me that Mr. Hawley was asleep and had given orders he was not to be awakened until noon. Sylvia as usual, was breakfasting in bed.

I looked at the butler, an idea suddenly taking form in my mind.

"Purvis," I said pleasantly, "have you another key to the crypt?"

The man was so startled he dropped a pot of marmalade he had just taken from the table. I expected he would be startled, and watched him closely.

"Because if you have," I went on, smiling at the sudden astonishment which showed in his face, "I wish you would lend it to me." I had a great curiosity about that crypt, and what Mr. Hawley had been doing down there. If he had unearthed any jewels, I felt that they belonged by rights to the man I expected to marry.

Purvis looked at me closely. Then he bent over, whispering.

"I have another key, miss," he said. "Would you like to go down there now?"

I nodded. The answer was precisely what I had hoped for. It was nine o'clock. Mr. Hawley would be asleep until twelve. And Sylvia rarely put in an appearance before half-past ten or eleven. There was ample time to look at the crypt without anyone being the wiser. I suspected that Purvis had reasons of his own for desiring to visit the place, else why had he been

(Continued on Page 23)

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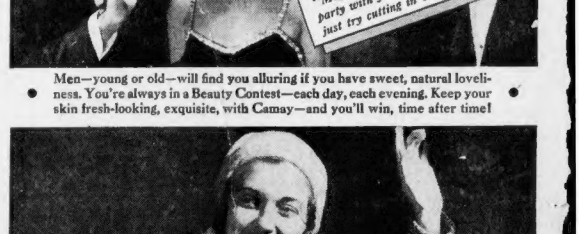

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The Spanish Lady

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

(Continued from Page 22)

watching at the door so closely? Why had he agreed so promptly to make use, for my benefit, of his other key? A duplicate which he had made, no doubt, for his own secret purposes. It was clear at once that he would have no opportunity to visit the crypt alone, since I would either be sitting in the garden, enjoying the sunshine, or in the morning room, which commanded a full view of the terrace leading to the crypt door. I was therefore not greatly surprised when he offered to conduct me to the place at once.

"I'll fetch the key, miss," he said and disappeared as swiftly and silently as a shadow.

I met him on the terrace and waited while he opened the crypt door. For a moment the light inside seemed faint, but as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I saw that the long grey slab which covered the grave had indeed been lifted by means of a crowbar, just as I had supposed. The slab now rested against the wall, but it was the grave itself which demanded my attention. Mastering my natural repugnance I bent over its edge. Beneath me was an oblong pit about six feet deep, lined with mouldy brick. But what surprised me most was the fact that the grave—if grave it indeed proved to be—was empty. The bright sunshine outside, filtering into the crypt, lit the depths of the oblong pit faintly. There was no casket in it, no mouldering planks, no musty bones—nothing. Nor was there anything in the crypt itself, beyond the crowbar, the hammer and chisel, the lantern which Mr. Hawley had used in his over-night operations. Whatever he had found—if, indeed, he had found anything—had been carefully removed.

I glanced at Purvis, saw that he had reached the same conclusions. His face was as wooden as usual, but I thought I detected a look of surprise about his eyes.

"Is that all, miss?" he inquired placidly.

"Why—yes—I think so. Do you suppose Mr. Hawley found anything in the tomb?"

"Mr. Hawley, miss?" he asked, pretending surprise.

"Certainly. You know he was working in here most of last night."

"How should I know it, miss?"

"I saw you, out of my open window, watching him. Mr. Hawley was looking for the Lady Maria's emeralds."

"Emeralds, miss?"

"Of course. Did he find them?"

"I—I really couldn't say, miss."

"Purvis," I laughed, "you are priceless. Suppose we go back." I turned and led the way out of the crypt. On one of the stone steps something glinted in the sunlight. I picked it up. It was a gold seal ring, but the seal which should have been part of it was missing. Dropping it into the pocket of my light coat I went back to the house, gave Purvis the letter I had written, telling Richard about the message on the square of linen, the tomb in the crypt, everything.

"Have this note taken over to the Royal Galleon at once, Purvis," I said. The letter, of course, was addressed to Mr. Richard Tennant. "And have whoever you send ask if there is any reply."

The butler nodded, and I went to my room. An hour later Purvis came up to tell me that Mr. Tennant was not at the Inn, having departed for London immediately after breakfast. The letter would be given to him upon his return.

It was not for days that I knew he had gone to London to buy me an engagement ring, and then it was through an inspector from Scotland Yard that I learned it.

I have done my best in the foregoing to make clear some of the singular events which preceded Mr. Aloysius Cobb's death. In a general way they embraced first, Purvis' tale about the emerald; second the appearance of Richard Tennant and his desire to copy the Spanish Lady's portrait; third, the discovery, while moving the picture to the study, of the message concerning the Denbeigh jewels which was hidden in its frame; fourth, my stepfather's sudden decision to purchase Yew Manor at a price which he claimed was far beyond its worth in order to obtain possession of those jewels; fifth, my anger over the fact that Mr. Hawley should attempt to defraud the owner of the property, Sir Evelyn Denbeigh, of what rightfully belonged to him; sixth, my amazement on discovering that Sir Evelyn, the man he was thus attempting to defraud, was in reality Richard Tennant, with whom I had fallen in love, and seventh, Sir Evelyn's sudden and quite unexpected request that I should marry him. But surprising as all these circumstances were, they seem almost trivial beside the event of that last dreadful day—the one on which Mr. Cobb was murdered.

All through the night before, as well as the one which preceded it, Mr. Hawley had been busy in the crypt. It was his second night there, and once again I heard, hour after hour, the sound of hammering, of metal clinking against stone, which had disturbed me the evening before. Again I looked out of my window, but Purvis, warned no doubt by what I had said at breakfast, was not visibly on watch. The fact that my stepfather was still working in the crypt told me plainly that he had not yet found the jewels. In what way, I wondered, could he be continuing his search? The grave, I knew, had been empty. Then I remembered the wording of the message on the square of linen: "Pedro, unknowing, has built the jewel casket into my tomb." No doubt Mr. Hawley was removing, brick by brick, the walls which lined the grave.

I went down to breakfast earlier than I had the day before. The noise from the crypt prevented me from sleeping. To my surprise, Sylvia presently joined me, and I could see that she was in an unusually excited state of mind. Heavy rings beneath her eyes told me that she, too, had not slept.

I spoke at once of my stepfather's activities.

"Has Mr. Hawley discovered the emeralds yet?" I asked.

My mother turned on me with a rather frightened look.

"Poor Alvin," she said. "If he doesn't find them it will be terrible. You know how much difficulty he has had in raising the outrageous price Sir Evelyn Denbeigh made him pay for the house."

"Made him pay?" I resented that, since my mother, without knowing it, was speaking of the man I loved. "Sir Evelyn Denbeigh didn't make him pay anything. Mr. Hawley insisted on buying the house, hoping to get something for nothing — something that didn't belong to him. If he is disappointed, it will serve him right. He should have turned that piece of linen over to Sir Evelyn, as I told him, the moment he found it."

"Sh-h," my mother whispered, pointing. I looked up. Mr. Hawley stood in the doorway, his hands and arms, his hair, the old suit he wore, covered with bits of plaster, and brick-dust. But it was the expression of anger upon his face that most attracted my attention. He seemed filled with an almost demoniacal rage.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Mlle. Debriege, the "Fatal Woman" of Paris

(Continued from Double Page)

ron, who stretched out two welcoming hands, and greeted me without a trace of embarrassment.

"Well—I'm Julie—and you—are Albany. Do let's be friends. Why, aren't you pretty!"

I was for once absolutely unable to know what to do. Surely, never in all the history of love had a wife displayed such charity towards her rival. However, I soon recovered my composure, and took tea with the Z.'s. Julie was the embodiment of charm, and, with sublime self-abnegation, she congratulated her husband on his conquest.

After this, I never wanted to see either of the Z.'s again, but I likewise felt that it would be very careless to allow 400,000 francs to slip through my fingers, and the next day when my admirer presented himself at the Avenue Kleber, I put all my cards on the table.

"Z.," said I, "I must lose no time in deciding whether or not I shall buy the house in the Rue Galilee. In order to do this I shall require 400,000 francs. Unless you find this sum within three days, you can consider our acquaintance at an end. Briefly, my friend, 400,000 francs represent the key to my front door."

The deputy was visibly perturbed. "My dear Albany, I can't possibly find all this money in three days. I shall have to mortgage some property anyhow in order to do so. Be patient. Give me three weeks' grace and the 400,000 francs are yours."

I consented, and at the appointed time Z. duly presented himself with the full amount. "But," he said, "you owe this money partly to the good offices of my wife."

I stared. "Explain yourself," I commanded.

"It was in this way. Of course, you know that before I could effect a mortgage, I had to obtain the signature of my wife. Julie is no fool, and she knew at once that my excuses were worthless. 'Contess,' said she, 'that you are lying. No man like you would require such a large sum unless he wished to make a present to his mistress.'

"Thus cornered," he continued, "I told the truth. 'Yes—it is for Debriege.'"

"And Julie consented!" I exclaimed.

"Of course she did," said Z.

This was certainly broad-mindedness. So extraordinary, in fact, that I became suspicious.

I finally decided I would not retain Z. as my friend, but he had promised me a diamond necklace which I had admired at a shop, so I thought it advisable to let matters drift until I had received it. Z., however, did not send the collar as quickly as I anticipated, so I determined to teach him a sharp lesson, and to enact the role of a jealous woman who sticks at nothing.

I straightway accused him of supping with a well-known actress, and, entering into my part with zest, I added, "No man shall live to plight Albany Debriege, so, take care of yourself, my friend, for I shall probably shoot you while you are at the Chamber of Deputies!"

Poor man! His life became one long agony of fear, more especially as I refused to see him, and returned his letters unopened. The denouement happened one afternoon, when, dressed to perfection, I went to the visitors' gallery of the Chamber of Deputies and seated myself where I could see and be seen by everyone. As soon as Z. was aware of my presence he turned a livid green, and I knew by the various glances in my direction that he had communicated his alarm to his fellow members of the house. However, I sat on undisturbed, until suddenly one of the officials took up his position behind me and watched my every movement.

Thoroughly enjoying myself by this time, I purposely fumbled in my pocket, greatly to the discomfiture of the official, who, taking hold of my arm, bade me show him what I held in my hand.

"This," I said innocently, producing a tiny handkerchief. "Isn't it permitted to blow one's nose in the Chamber?" He was visibly relieved. "Ah, but we feared that Madame had a revolver."

"I don't say that I have not," I replied, "and, if you worry me any more, I may entertain the idea of wasting the first shot on you."

This statement disposed of the amateur detective, who left me alone.

That evening, all Paris laughed at this comedy of jealousy, and Z., secretly proud that his conduct had incited me to murder, sent me, as I had intended he should do, the diamond necklace.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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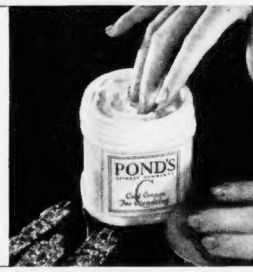

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This Way To Happiness By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 21)

The best suite in the hotel was theirs. Two bedrooms and bathroom, a tiny sitting room dividing them. The suit was in darkness when Janice stepped through the door but directly she pressed the switch it became delightfully golden. A suite fit for a princess with its dull gold tapestries, its soft arm chairs, fine rosewood tables. How delighted Janice had been with it a few hours earlier, and with the little balcony that would show her the first morning sunlight sparkling the sea.

Janice undressed slowly. The lovely new crepe things fell into pastel shaded pools on the thick grey carpet. She stepped out of them, beautiful as a moon whitened statue. A long hanging gilt mirror caught her reflection. She stared, almost as though seeing herself for the first time.

She thought, "I don't belong to myself any longer. I belong to Lance." She shivered, as though she were cold suddenly. Hastily she snatched up a gold brocade wrap. Then, crossing to the table, she took a cigarette from the thin platinum case Lance had given her. She lit it slowly, hoping it would restore her self-confidence. A cigarette makes you feel so modern, ready to cope with anything.

But, tonight, it didn't have the usual effect. The smoke made her choke and got into her eyes. She ran out onto the balcony, and threw it down onto the moon-washed terrace. She stayed out there, letting the sea breeze cool her cheeks. The waves were blue black, down yonder, with a silver patch cut by a moonbeam. It fell, slantwise, from a full-faced moon, that sailed peacefully across a vast silver-grey dome, peppered with stars. A beautiful night — a night that made you hungry for love and romance. Janice sighed, and leant against the railings. She thought, "I'm a married woman now." But the words seemed to hold no meaning for her. Something stirred in her breast, a great unrecognized longing. Suddenly and surprisingly she found herself thinking, "I want love. Wild, passionate, young love. I want to give myself to it freely, gladly, abandonedly. I want to thrill at my lover's touch, twine my arms about him, draw him down to me. . . . I want to kiss him fiercely. I want to love him divinely and madly."

Each Time Noel Referred to Her in Flattering Terms Janice Sensed a Cruel Mockery Beneath His Words.

Janice was astounded. Nothing like this had ever entered her mind before. Yet now these thoughts seemed to dominate her whole being. She couldn't understand it. She stared up at the moon, as though for enlightenment. Then the moon played an odd trick upon her. Its face changed suddenly. A man's face it was now, bronzed and handsome, with a low, broad forehead, strong chin and deep-blue eyes.

Janice stamped her foot in sudden fury and said, "But I hate him!"

She heard a low, insistent tapping on her bedroom door. Reality returned. She thought wildly, "I must have been mad just now!"

"Come in," she forced her voice, stepped nervously back into the room.

Lance, a rather sweet smile on his face, came through the door.

He stood there staring at her. He caught his breath. She seemed too beautiful, suddenly, to be real. Like some elusive fairy creature he had pictured as a boy. A will-o'-the-wisp thing who danced a gay graceful measure through his dreams. Who was tangled up with all sorts of absurd fancies and couldn't possibly be real. . . Yet she was real. Suddenly a pulse throbbed violently in his temples. With hands that shook he shut the door behind his back.

"Like a little princess, Janice, in all your pretty finery," he smiled.

She wet dry lips with the pink point of her tongue. She nodded, said breathlessly, "Yes, do you like it? A good model . . . and you'd never notice it was window faded, would you?" She laughed a little unnaturally.

He put out a hand and touched it, timidly, at first. Then, bolder, he crushed some of the stiff brocade fabric between his fingers. He smiled. "It is lovely." And meant, "You are lovely." And Janice knew very well what he meant.

"Like these rooms, dear?"

"Yes, yes, they're wonderful. I never knew anything like this existed outside of a royal palace. You're . . . you're awfully good to me, Lance."

"Good to you!" his voice cracked a little. "Good to you when you've done so much for me, child? Put color back into the world for me. And fun. And laughter. And," his voice dropped suddenly, so she could scarcely hear it, ". . . love."

A queer shiver ran through her. She thought, "I do love him, don't I?" Very determinedly she tried to see him again as she had during the first days of their engagement. Those days when she had hypnotized herself into believing he was everything a girl would want in a husband. Everything romantic. Lean, bronzed, strong, virile. But, somehow, tonight when she said "bronzed" she thought of another bronzed face. A handsome face with very blue eyes and a prominent chin. A young face. When she said "strong" she remembered great height and broad hulking shoulders. So she gave up thinking. But she prayed, chaotically, desperately, in her child's scared heart, that, just for tonight, she might recapture the illusion of Lance.

But, with the first touch of his hand on her bare arm, illusion fled. Like a ghost shadow slipping silently into the realms of dreams that are done with. Dreams that were dear for awhile and comforted us, but had no substance in reality. Janice saw only a thin wizened man with kind brown eyes whom she didn't love.

"Sweetheart girl. . ." She was in his arms now, her thin body twitching, her face hidden from him. She thought in agony, "How could I have deceived myself? Why did I do it?" But she could think of no answer. Suddenly she was ragingly angry with herself. "Don't act like a little fool, Janice . . . he has a right to love you."

She repeated that to herself, over and over again, until her brain felt dizzy and her head swam.

Still she lay in his arms, scarcely daring to breathe.

Lance raised her chin with his fingers and kissed her. Passion, desire, adoration in that kiss. She let him kiss her. Her lids, pale, opal discs, veiling her eyes. Then he was no longer kissing her. He said, "Open your eyes, Janice child, look at me."

It required a great deal of effort for her to do that. Something in her eyes she was afraid he might see. So that, when she did open them, she tried to smile. She even succeeded. But it was that forlorn little smile that gave her away. Oh, completely. So often your most unselfish actions do give you away.

Lance looked down into her wide grey eyes for a very long minute. Slowly a light went out in his own. Extinguished, like a dark slide being put into a magic lantern. But he, too, smiled. Twistedly, somewhat. He kissed her again, on both cheeks. Differently, this time. So differently Janice was amazed. "Sleep well, dear. Such a tiring day she's had, and there'll be more fun tomorrow."

He let her go, and said presently, in a friendly normal voice, "Have you any cigarettes, dear? I came in to ask if you could spare me one."

Janice stammered, "Yes, I have some. Over there, in the case you gave me."

He walked across to the dressing table, snapped the little platinum case open. "Mind if I take two, dear?"

"Of course not. I won't be smoking any more tonight, I'm sure."

Words that didn't mean anything. While she thought, "I don't understand. I don't understand." Was this just a respite for one night? And, if so, why?

"It isn't because I. . ." she thought. And went cold with shame. She hadn't returned his kisses. And, if it was because of her, wasn't that cheating? The worst kind of cheating?

He was moving towards the door, casually, as though those two cigarettes were all he had dropped in to get. Janice's grey eyes widened, surprise points in their depths. "But, Lance," she stammered, "aren't you going to stay . . . and smoke them in here?"

He shook his head, smiling faintly. His lips would have been grim if it hadn't been for that smile. "Thanks no, dear. I want to get a good sleep."

"I don't understand, Lance." She said it aloud, standing very still, her arms hanging limp by her sides.

He still smiled, patiently, as one smiles at a child. "But what is there to understand, dear? We're going to have fine times together. We'll be playmates. Great playmates. Didn't I say that was what I wanted, a playmate for a wife?"

Still Janice stared at him. She hadn't moved. "Only a playmate?" A ghost of a voice.

He nodded, while he fumbled in the pocket of his dressing gown for a match. He turned aside as he struck it, cupping the flame in his hands, bending his head down to it, shading his face from her. "Why, yes, dear. I thought you knew that. . . Perhaps later. . . He stopped there, he couldn't trust his own voice.

"You mean if later we fall in love?" she whispered.

"That's it," he dropped the match on the floor and stamped it out. "And, in the meantime, we're going to be huge friends, aren't we? Let's shake hands on it, little Janice girl."

But she did more than that. Relief was a wild, throbbing ecstasy inside her. Gratitude was warm, living, full. Impulsively she flung her arms around him, hugging him as she might have a long lost brother, or a father. "Oh, Lance, I'm so happy, so happy . . . Then it is all right!" She didn't quite know what she was saying.

Gently he untangled himself. He seemed very tired suddenly, a lifeless skeleton of a man. But he left her before she realized it. She must never know quite a different man left the room from the one who had come in. A wistfully disappointed little man who suddenly realized he was getting on. Who was he to appeal to a young girl's romantic dreaming? And such a lovely young girl as this child wife of his. He had seen the fear in her eyes. He couldn't have claimed her in the face of it. But it hurt all the same. "Perhaps later," he had said. In his own mind he clung onto those words, breathing hope into them. More than hope, assurance. Some day she must love him. He would do so much for her, give her so much. And then . . . monumentally he steadied himself against the back of a chair, closing his eyes while his fists slowly clenched . . . The cigarettes were formless shapes, untidily spilling tobacco, when he opened his hands. Still, it didn't matter. He had a box full in here.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Variety in Vegetables

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Broccoli on Toast.

PICK over and wash 1 bunch broccoli. Cook until tender in boiling salted water. Cut into individual servings and arrange on hot toast. Add 1 teaspoon onion juice and 2 chopped hard cooked eggs to 2 cups well seasoned white sauce and pour over the broccoli.

Stuffed French Artichokes.

WASH and remove tough outside leaves of 6 or 8 French artichokes. Cook in boiling salted water about 45 minutes, or until tender. Drain and press the leaves from the center so that they will stand apart, but take care not to break them off. Mix ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 grated or crushed clove of garlic and 2 tablespoons salad oil. Combine 1 cup fine bread crumbs with ¼ cup grated cheese. Stuff between the artichoke leaves with the cheese mixture and pour the oil over them. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 375 degrees, for 15 minutes.

Carrots a la King.

COOK 1 quart diced carrots in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. To 2 cups well seasoned white sauce add 1 tablespoon minced pimientoes, 1 tablespoon minced celery, 1 tablespoon minced parsley (if you like parsley) and 1 teaspoon onion juice. Pour over the carrots and serve hot.

Luncheon Cauliflower.

BREAK 1 head of cauliflower into small flowerets and cook gently in salted water until tender. Drain. Nearly fill buttered timbale molds with the cauliflower flowerets. Mix 2 beaten eggs with 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and 3 tablespoons grated cheese. Pour this mixture over the cauliflower. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven, or at about 325 degrees, for about 40 minutes, or until firm in center. Unmold and serve with cream or tomato sauce.

White Sauce.

MELT 4 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 2 cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Cover and cook over hot water about 20 minutes, stirring frequently.

Veal and Cabbage Soup.

SLOWLY cook 1½ or 2 pounds diced lean veal in 2 or 3 quarts water in a covered saucepan for several hours. When perfectly tender remove the meat. There should be 1 quart of the stock. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add ½ cup minced celery, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon minced carrot, 2 cups minced cabbage, and stir until vegetables are soft but not brown. Add the stock, the meat, salt to taste, a bit of bay leaf, a few grains mace and a little pepper. Simmer about ½ hour, adding a little more stock or hot water if necessary.

Spinach, Supper Style.

WASH and cook 2 pounds of spinach until tender. Drain, chop and season with pepper and salt. To 2 cups well seasoned white sauce add 1 teaspoon onion juice, 2 sliced hard cooked eggs and a little paprika. Place a layer of the spinach in the bottom of a buttered casserole dish. Then add a layer of the white sauce. Repeat until all material is used, having white sauce on top. Mix ½ cup fine soft bread crumbs with 2 tablespoons butter and sprinkle on top. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 375 degrees, for ½ hour.

Vegetable Souffle.

PREPARE 2 cups of well seasoned white sauce. While still hot pour over 3 well beaten egg yolks, stirring constantly. Add 1 teaspoon chopped onion and cool. Add 1 cup strained cooked vegetables and when well mixed fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into a buttered casserole dish and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 375 degrees, for 45 or 50 minutes. Serve with or without a sauce.

Celery Bouillon.

WIPE a 3 or 4 pound knuckle of veal and cut in small pieces. Put the meat, bone, 2 quarts cold water, stalk of celery, 1 onion, a bit of bay leaf and 8 or 10 peppercorns in large saucepan and bring slowly to boiling point. Simmer gently 4 or 5 hours, adding water as needed. Add 1 tablespoon salt when half done. Strain and let stand until fat can be skimmed off. Then to each quart of the strained skimmed stock add 3 crushed egg shells. Mix and bring gently to boiling point, stirring all the time. Let boil about 5 minutes, then add a little cold water, cool slightly and skim and strain through double thickness of cheesecloth. This is a very delicate bouillon and is usually a favorite.

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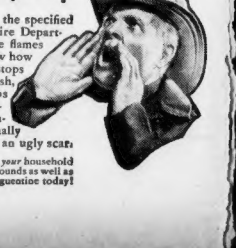

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Sugar and Spice From the Cooky Jar

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

NEED we voice a lament to the passing of the old-fashioned "Cooky Jar," so sentimentally associated in the past with home and mother, or grandmother? We hope not! For lucky, indeed, is that growing boy or girl who has easy access to a cooky jar after school—a jar filled with mother's handiwork, and stuffed full of sugar and spice and everything nice, including nuts, raisins and currants. Nor is any accessory food so convenient for the emergency guest, or for adding a little extra touch to humble fruit sauce or other simple dessert.

Cookies are neither a labor nor a task—they should be a joy to make. For they require no special skill, no difficult technique, and reward their maker out of all proportion to the work expended on them, or on the cost of their ingredients. Indeed, we may suggest that the future homemaker, now aged 10 or 12, can have nothing better to practice her hand on than a batch of cookies.

A cooky is a small cake of thin texture. And it may belong to one of several distinct types, depending on the kind of batter or dough, and how the cooky gains its shape. Thus:

ROLLED COOKIES.

Stiff batter, smoothed to ¼ inch thickness with a rolling pin, and cut into shapes with round or fancy tin cutters.

REFRIGERATOR COOKIES.

Slightly less stiff dough, packed into a mold, tin pan, or shaped into a circular roll, left to chill in refrigerator overnight, then sliced thinly from one end.

DROPPED COOKIES.

Softer dough, dropped from tea or tablespoon, or squeezed through small tube into fancy irregular shapes.

FILLED COOKIES.

Variations of rolled or refrigerator cookies with an inner "surprise" filling.

WAFERS.

Very thin, crisp and smaller rolled or refrigerator cookies.

The chief point to remember in all mixing of cookies, is to use as little flour as possible to enable the mixture to be rolled or handled. That is why the refrigerator type seems easiest—by chilling several hours, the fat becomes hardened, and handling becomes simpler with the use of less flour. Even with rolled cookies, it pays to chill the mix some time before rolling out which should always be done lightly, as for pastry, and with no pressing on the roller.

A three-inch round cutter is standard for the familiar sugar cooky, but molds of every shape—diamonds, hearts, small trees, ducks and whatnots—are just as easy to cut out. Always rub the board with flour and brush off any loose flour. Do not try to utilize the left-over bits in between as they will always be tougher and too firm when rolled often. In cutting, dip the cutter in loose flour, shake it, then press lightly on the dough which should have been rolled ¼ inch thick.

To make the easiest form of refrigerator cooky, make a long roll of the dough, of the desired diameter. Place on a greased platter, and chill. Remove to table top, and with very sharp knife, slice off cookies of the desired thickness. Packing the mix into a brick, oblong pan, will give the almond bar, or "Mary Ann" cooky, popular for all types of the ginger, anise, and similar cookies.

One of the newest developments in refrigerator molds is a metal tube easily opened at the top, into which a roll of dough may be packed. This tube-roll has the shape of a heart, diamond, club or spade, so that the resulting cookies are particularly pleasing for the bridge table.

The dropped cooky is soft, and only a small amount should be picked up on the end of a spoon. At least ½ inch space must be left between them, as they spread quite unexpectedly. The top of each may be flattened with a touch of the spatula. If the edges are left too thin in proportion to the middle, these edges will brown or burn rapidly.

The filled cooky is a delicious surprise, the filling being chopped nuts, raisins, mincemeat, cocoanut or dates in combination. Usually two circles of dough are placed together with a small spoon of filling between, and the edges pressed together all around. Do not make the filling too thick.

Gingerbread or any mixture using molasses or brown sugar must be baked carefully to avoid scorching. Indeed, the baking is the only trick about making any cookies, and these suggestions will be of help here:

Baking Temperatures:

Hot Oven (450 deg.) except for molasses and chocolate or those with considerable fruit. Thin cookies—6-8 minutes.

Moderate Oven (375 deg.) thicker cookies, 15-18 minutes.

In all cases the pan should be greased lightly. And greasing of pans brings up the point that an inverted biscuit or baking pan is excellent, and even better, of course, is the special "cooky sheet" which is nothing more than a sheet of Russia iron, with rolled edges to prevent cutting hands, and with a ring at the front to enable the pan to be pulled out with ease. The pan or the sheet should always be at least 1 inch less in its proportions than the oven rack, otherwise heat will not be able to rise around the entire sheet as is necessary for quick baking.

As the cookies are baked, they should be quickly stripped off the sheet with a broad spatula and kept separate, and not piled one on top of the other. A large sheet of waxed paper spread on a wire baking or cake rack is a good way to "air" them and keep them in shape before packing.

How to keep cookies depends on whether they are liked crisp or soft. If the former crisp quality is liked best, then pack your cookies in an air-tight tin box lined with waxed paper. If liked soft, then nothing is better than a stone or porcelain jar in which one may place either an orange or an apple for added fragrance, or a slice of fresh bread to give added moisture.

Decorated cookies are effective at St. Valentine's and Washington's birthdays as well as other party occasions. The heart shape is probably the prettiest and the easiest to make. Colored sugars, which may now be bought widely, add a quick gay touch if sprinkled on the warm cookie or over a thin white water icing.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Scrambled Eggs, Muffins, Coffee.	Prunes, Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Oatmeal, Broiled Smoked Salmon, Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Stewed Dried Apricots, Bacon and Eggs, Tea Biscuits, Coffee.	Fruit, Omelet, Corn Meal Gems, Coffee.	Fruit, Prepared Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Corn Oysters, Reheated Rolls, Coffee.	Stewed Figs, Cereal, Graham Waffles, Honey, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Vegetable Soup, Corn Sticks, Fruit Trifle, Cookies, Tea.	Italian Spaghetti, French Rolls, Romaine Salad, Savory Dressing, Tea.	American Chop Suey, Steamed Rice, Philadelphia Relish, Pineapple Trifle, Chinese Ginger, Chinese Tea.	Baked Bean Casserole or Baked Macaroni, Brown Bread, Fruit Salad, Tea.	Clam Chowder, Toasted Crackers, Favorite Salad, French Dressing, Coffee.	Baked Noodles and Tomatoes, Raisin Muffins, Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Fruit Trifle.	Roast Potatoes, Buttered Peas, Favorite Green Salad, French Dressing, Rhubarb and Banana Surprise, Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Roast Beef or Old-Fashioned Baked Ham with Horseradish Sauce, Buttered Cabbage, Mashed Paprika Potatoes, Crisp Lettuce Salad, Roquefort Dressing, Sour Milk Gingerbread with Foamy Sauce.	Creole Cocktail, Casserole of Left-Over Ham and Vegetables, Buttered Spinach, Green Salad, Apple Pie or Short Cake.	Liver and Bacon, Glazed Apples, Creamed Potatoes, Buttered Greens, Caramel Tapioca.	Savory Grill of Beef Balls, Broiled Pineapple and Sweet Potato Balls, Buttered Beans or Broccoli, Chocolate Parfait.	Corn Oysters, Reheated Rolls, Coffee. Luncheon Baked Noodles and Tomatoes, Raisin Muffins, Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Coffee. Dinner Tomato Juice Cocktail, Broiled Fish Fillets, Hollandaise Sauce, Buttered Cauliflower or Asparagus, Potatoes, Upside Down Pineapple Cherry Cake.	Old-Fashioned Irish Stew with Paprika Dumplings, Cucumber, Tomato and Lettuce Salad, Green Gage Pie or Plum Blanc Mange.	Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Croutons, Stewed Fruit, Fruit Popovers, Cocoa or Milk.

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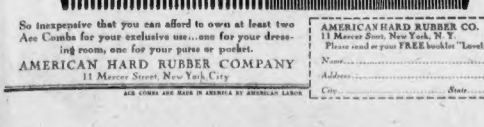

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